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may1-tf

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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 22, 1887.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XXI, NO 16
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. LI, NO 5

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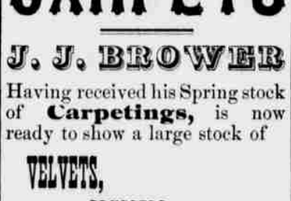

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SELECT STORY.

"CORDON!"

"It is a bargain, monsieur—a bargain! The rent is a mere nothing; puisqu ily a du confort ici," said the old concierge, as he threw open one of the shutters and flooded the room with dusty sunshine.

The apartment was au premier, at the back of a small court numbered 59 of the Rue Neuve St. Augustine. No. 59—I give it fearlessly, since even its foundation stones have long been Haussmanized away.

The court was flooded with sunshine that was not dusty, and a great plane tree grew in one corner, close against an ivy covered wall. The yellow placard, "A Louer," hanging at the door had been the bait luring me into his mouse trap, as it certainly proved to be.

But all that comes later on. For the present it is enough to say that the room was comfortably furnished after the old Venetian manner, and hung with Cordova leather, old, too, and real; beyond there was a salon with a floor so highly polished that I narrowly escaped a sprained ankle in crossing it, and a chamber, commonplace enough but for the chintz hangings with which its walls and ceiling were draped oppressively, in wide plaits that met overhead in a central rosette, somehow suggesting the interior decoration of a coffin. In spite of this untimely thought and of the superfluous antechamber and salle a manger useless incumbrances in bachelor quarters, I took the apartment for a month, to the evident delight of old Cassimir, whose feather duster twitched expressively in his palsied hand.

The tremulous eagerness of this good gentleman made me half suspect that he had not the remotest right to let the rooms at all. But he told a well varnished tale of an old proprietor who hated women and who passed his life in search of a country so civilized as to do without them. From this journey of desperation he returned now and then to restore his tired senses in the coffined chamber and to gather courage for a new departure. It was midsummer; I might keep the rooms until the autumn—not an hour longer, since the patron would then be likely to pounce down upon his possessions unannounced at any moment. Just now he was believed to be in Lapland.

When I moved in that very afternoon, a guilty feeling of intrusion overcame me. The place was so luxurious, so well ordered, so unlike the four walls of lodging for which one pays. In the library of the leather hangings the patron's books were upon the shelves; his portfolio, his paper knife upon the table; the ink in the minature helmet of blue steel was dry it is true; but there lay the well worn quil! beside it. The room reveals the man, says Diderot; granting this, the patron was a man of taste and well informed. I took down some of the books; here were superb bindings, old and rare editions. Upon one fly leaf his name was written—Marius Morizot—the hand clear and fine, like a woman's. Cassimir had said that he was old. Bibliophile and traveler, with the means to follow his fantastic bent, this patron would certainly be an agreeable man to meet on his own ground—that is, if one came properly introduced. All here was as if he had left it yesterday. What if the door were to open and admit him at the next moment?

Just then the door did open, but only Cassimir came in, bringing firewood; for the sun had already left the little court in shadow, and there was an unseasonable chill in the waning summer day. The old man wore a black skull cap over his thin, gray hair and a green baize apron that swathed him nearly to the ankles. He chattered about the fire as he built and lighted it, all the time holding under his arm the eternal feather duster, which seemed to be his badge of office. I had lately seen, at the Comedie Francaise, Regnier's masterpiece, the sly old servant in "La joie fait peur," the picture of amiable senility. Here was the thing itself.

"The patron has his treasures," I said, stroking tenderly the crushed levant that enshrined a numbered reprint of Andre Chenier.

Cassimir looked at the shelves with a certain respect and then shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes, but not there," he answered.

Thinking that he referred to the glittering objects of the salon, I treated myself to a complacent smile, as I quietly put up the book.

"Not there," he repeated, shuffling toward me in his loose slippers, and letting his voice die away into the important whisper that is the emphasis of a French man of all work. "Ah, if monsieur knew!"

"Knew what?" I asked. "Have we a gold mine at our feet?"

He chuckled and nodded. "Better than that, monsieur. See!"

Then he pushed aside one of the hangings, and showed me that it covered a door of burnished steel.

"A safe?"

"Yes, monsieur, in the wall."

"And of such size!" I continued, for the doorway, though narrow, was higher than my head. "What can he keep there?"

"Jewels, monsieur," said Cassimir, enjoying my surprise. "Jewels from the end of the earth, laid away in little drawers, lined with velvet as soft as the down of a bird. It is a passion with him; the collection is a property in itself."

I laid my hand gently upon the shining metal; it might have been the door of a tomb. I drew back shivering. The thought of these untold riches, hardly out of reach, disturbed me; I felt in a measure responsible for their safety.

"The door is locked, of course," said I.

"Oh, yes, monsieur; only the patron has the key." He brushed the door lightly with his feather tips, as though he were dealing with some fragile work of art, and then dropped the curtain over it.

"Cassimir! You have your master's leave to let those rooms; you are sure!"

"Oh, certainly, monsieur; monsieur need give himself no uneasiness; it is permitted at this season. In the summer time M. Morizot always absents himself. He has been nearly two years away."

I changed the subject, though I doubted him instinctively.

"What is Monsieur Morizot like?" I asked.

"A lamb, monsieur; amiable, as one cannot be more so. Monsieur, then, has not remarked his portrait?"

The pictures were chiefly modern, and were none too well lighted; I had barely glanced at them. Cassimir led me to this one, which hung in a dark corner, so high that the flame of a candle held up at arms length but just revealed it. The face was long, thin, sharp featured and sallow, with the prevailing mustache and imperial of the time. On the whole, I felt happier about Monsieur Morizot. He had the gentle, high bred look of that Van Dyck father in the long gallery of the Louvre.

"And yet he hates women. Was he never married?"

"Never, monsieur; in youth he had a disappointment, they say, and now it would be somewhat late for him to think again of that. At his age one no longer makes such plans."

His hand shook more than ever, and the melted wax of the candle ran over, one drop falling upon the floor. "He is good, the patron," he murmured, so tenderly that the drop might have been a tear from his own failing eyes.

When the old retainer had left me I dismissed all scruples and unpacked my trunk in the little chamber, singing to myself in the happiest of moods. I was in luck, evidently. Even should Monsieur Morizot turn up, I felt sure that he would accept my explanation, supposing one to be necessary. But he would not come. I doubted Cassimir no longer.

I found in the library an arm chair covered with stamped leather like that of the walls; the arms supported by hard featured goddesses—wood nymphs, perhaps—redundant in the matter of bust, tapering off like terminal figures into the chair legs below. Wheeling this up to the table, I sat down for a while to do nothing and devour my brain, as the inhuman proverb puts it. In the gathering twilight the room was almost dark, but I saw it all, or nearly all, over the mantel in a narrow, oblong mirror, there reflected by Cassimir's cheerful blaze. The first fire of the season invites contemplation, and my thoughts wandered as fitfully as the mellow light that played about the tarnished gilding of the leather. When I am alone I am apt to grow inconsequent to a degree that would distress one who makes a labor of thinking.

Hunger is a sharp reminder, and before long I realized that I was hungry. So I hastily pulled myself together, and shutting the door upon my golden walls, strolled up the boulevard to the Passage des Princes. I dined well at Peter's, opposite the window of innumerable meerschaums, and after dinner went out by the side gate of the passage into the rue Favart. The doors of the Opera Comique stood invitingly open, and I was tempted to cross the street and read the bill of the play: "L'Ombre," of Flotow; Gounod's "Gallia." In the first, Mme. Priola. Lovely Mme. Priola, long since forgotten! Do you live on, to look into your glass and sigh for those dear old days when all Paris adored you? Or have you made, in truth, your final exit into Pere-la-Chaise or Montparnasse, to sleep out there a longer night than any other you have known? To one cruelty of life all a man's experience can never reconcile him: that a pretty woman may not hold her own forever.

I went in, stayed the performance out and left the theatre somewhat dashed in spirits; the echo of Gounod's solemn music seemed to follow me like a ghostly footfall under the flaring lights, by the painted kiosk windows. The sky was overcast; a drop or two of rain fell. The great doors of 59 were closed and locked, of course; at that hour I could have expected nothing else. But Cassimir slept soundly; it was long before I could make him hear, though I pulled the bell till the whole place resounded. The rain came on in earnest, and I was at the despairing point, when the door gave a welcome click and swung back an inch or two. I stumbled in through the darkness, passed the lodge where I could hear Cassimir swearing to himself drowsily, without a thought of challenging me; and guided myself by the hand rail of the staircase straight to my own door. I struck a match, found the key and went in.

The outer rooms were black and unfriendly; through them I saw a thread of light from the library door, to which I groped my way. The light came from a stately moderateur lamp that stood upon the table, and I blessed Cassimir for his forethought. But for the lamp, the room, at the first glance, seemed to be as I had left it. The carved chair was drawn up before the fire, which still burned brightly. That I found a fire and not a heap of ashes might have struck me as a curious circumstance, but I set this down to Cassimir's forethought, too; all the more readily that my clothes were met and that I needed it to dry them, as I proceeded to do.

Standing thus before the chimney, with the crackling fagots at my heels, I observed a book upon the table. It lay close to the arm of the great chair—so close, in fact, that one sitting there could hardly fail to see it even at twilight. Yet it had escaped my notice until now. What book? The moment my unspoken question was answered I felt absolutely sure that it had never before been in my hands. Its vellum covers were worn and worm eaten; its musty leaves were yellow with age. I read the title, "The Trial of Francois Ravaillac for the Murder of King Henry IV—1610." I could hardly have forgotten that book had I taken it down.

Immediately a strange terror seized me; vague, unreasoning it was, like a child's in the dark. I dropped the book, caught up a candle and peered in the chamber; then searched the other rooms throughout. I saw no one, heard no sound. I was alone. Yet this knowledge failed to reassure me. I spoke and was startled at my own voice. I tried to sing, but the walls gave back a mocking echo that was unendurable. And I returned to the library with the same childish dread of nothing still oppressing me, like the remembrance of a nightmare.

I can recall distinctly my struggle to conquer this feeling, and I know that I must have conquered it; for I sat down in the arm chair, and began to read the trial of Ravaillac:

"The prisoner is sworn; and asked his name, age, rank and place of abode.

He said that his name was Francois Ravaillac, born and dwelling at Angouleme, between 31 and 32 years of age."

I can see those lines now, in all their quaintness of type, as one makes a sun picture by a sudden closing of the eyes. I remembered that I read on, till I came to a page so stained as to be indistinct, part of which had been torn away. Then I must have fallen into a doze—a mere cat nap of a moment only. I woke with a start, unable, at first, to recognize the surroundings.

The lamp had run down, after the provoking manner of French moderateurs. I knew that it only needed winding, and leaning over the table, I gave the key a turn or two, but I was too late; the lamp went out in a long, smoky trail. Yet the room was not quite dark. The fire burned on, flickering at my feet, and making fantastic shadows in the glass.

In the glass. I looked at it and grew numb with horror. For I saw there the reflection of a man's face, so hideous in its expression that, even in a crowd, one would have turned from it with loathing. I have never been able to describe it; in that uncertain light it had no color—I could barely trace its outline. But I should know that face if I saw it at the top of the great pyramid or in the plains of Arizona—anywhere, indeed, upon the instant; and I should shudder at the sight, as I do now at the thought, like a frightened animal.

For a few seconds I was helpless. My muscles refused to act; I could not even turn my head to look behind me. Thus, with all senses gone but one, I saw the face drawing nearer to my chair and looking down at it. The lines grew more distinct, a strange mark came out upon the cheek, as if the skin there had contracted. Then, with an effort that seemed like a trial of strength with some force unseen, I caught the arm of the chair, and springing to my feet, wheeled about upon the dark, silent spaces of the room, conscious only of a sudden draught of cold air that chilled me to the bone.

Darkness, there was nothing else. Yet I turned again to the glass, finding only my own face, scarcely recognizable. Then, for the first time, I was aware that my left hand, cold and damp like a dead man's, still clasped the old book, marking my place between its leaves. I would have laid it down; but, instead of that I flung it from me into the fire with a shriek that set the room ringing. For the stain upon its torn page had deepened and freshened, and was oozing out upon my fingers; they were red with it. Kneeling at the hearth, I wiped away the drops with my handkerchief, and burned that, too.

Still on the hearth I crouched, and listened. If there were only something to face and challenge! Not a sound. But again the current of cold air, as if from an open door or window. That, at least, was real. I found my candle, lighted it at the fire, and searched the room once more. To my great surprise, I discovered in the darkest corner a small door that I had never seen—one of those blind doors so common in French apartments, cunningly contrived to fit a panel of the wall. It stood ajar, moreover, as though forced open by some mischievous gust of the night wind, that had lost its way in the house and then made a frantic effort to get out again. Rejoiced to account so easily for one disturbing element, at least, I pushed the door aside, and saw merely a narrow, flagged corridor, leading to a servant's stairway communicating with the floor below—the ground floor—for the house had no entresol. By the dim light I held I could distinguish three steps leading down into awful blackness, like an murderous oubliette of the middle ages. I strained my eyes and listened. There was nothing more to be seen, but my ears caught a faint sound, startling at that hour, though by day I should have laughed at it—simply the noise of running water, gently falling as if from a pipe, upon the pavement below. I went on cautiously to the stair rail, leaned over it and looked down. No one; but under the stairs, in the dark, the water went splashing on intermittently, as though it fell first upon invisible hands—washing them, perhaps. The thought suggested itself instantly.

"Who is there?" I shouted, lowering the light toward the dark corner, but in vain.

The water stopped. There was no other answer.

"Who is there?" I repeated, in a voice that was not mine.

I heard a shuffling step, and there came a blast of the night air, strong enough to put out the light, if I had not drawn back, shielding the flame with my hand. A door below me quietly closed, and all was still again.

I rushed down the stairs, and found the door. It was securely bolted; the bolts were rusted; I tried one, and could not stir it.

Then, out in the court, a harsh cry rang back along the walls: "Cordon!" the familiar call to the sleeping concierge. "Cordon!" the same rough voice repeated. The heavy street door fell into place with a dull, jarring sound. The presence, whatever it was, had escaped scot free into the world of Paris.

Drip, drip, behind me I heard the water, falling now, drop by drop upon the stones. There was nothing else to show that I had not been dreaming. I gave one searching look at the dismal little corner, and then fled from the house forever. In less time than it takes to tell it I had rushed through the rooms overhead and down again by the main staircase; out into the court, and on through the falling rain, shouting to Casimir as I went: "Cordon—cordon—cordon!" I woke echoes there that drove me half mad; I beat upon the door. At last the cord was drawn, and I found myself in the street, where I recovered my senses sufficiently to put on my hat and coat, snatched up in my flight, mechanically, from the table in the antechamber.

I went back to my hotel and passed a night to which that uneasy one of Clarence was as nothing. In the morning, very early, I hurried out again, laughing at my folly. The day was fine and bright, as only Paris can be: and yet I trembled upon turning into the court where, however, I found nothing more terrible than Casimir, watering his flowers and talking to a gray cat that rubbed itself affectionately against his shins. The old man started when he saw me, and looked from me to the window, behind which he supposed I had been sleeping.

"Yes. I am called away. You will be kind enough to pack my trunk and send it after me."

"Monsieur gives up the rooms?"

"Unavoidably. It does not matter; they are paid for, all the same."

Surprise made him speechless for a moment. The cat came slowly toward me, purring. I stooped and stroked it between the ears.

"He is called Chambord, monsieur; he lives upon raw meat, but he is very kind and gentle. I regret that monsieur goes away."

"Thank you. Casimir, what strange man was in the house last night?"

"Monsieur, I do not understand. There was no one."

"You let no one out, then?"

"Oh, that of course. The house has many apartments, many lodgers. I do not count them in my sleep."

"Nevertheless," I said, with some warmth, "there was a stranger in my rooms last night. I saw him."

"Monsieur was dreaming. It is impossible."

"But I can describe him to you."

And I tried to do so, making only a stammering failure of it.

Cassimir shrugged his shoulders.

Then I remembered the curious mark upon the man's cheek, and put in that evidence, triumphantly.

The dull eyes opened a little wider; but he smiled and shook his head.

Sapristi! Now I know that monsieur was surely dreaming. That is the Brazilian, Cornelio, the good patron's valet de chambre."

"Wall, then, I tell you he has come back."

"But, monsieur"——

"I swear it to you."

"Impossible. Monsieur Morizot keeps him always at his side. They are both in Lapland."

I argued with him to no purpose. He grew angry, and, in his excitement, tipped over his watering pot upon Chambord, who turned tail and disappeared. I could convince him of nothing but my own imbecility; and so I left him, muttering strange oaths among his flowers.

One rarely fails to recall a startling bit of his own experience, the first time its date comes around again. So it happened that this adventure was upper-most in my mind one midsummer night of the following year, on board the good steamer Baron Osy, bound from London to Antwerp. We had left the white tower just at noon, and had dropped leisurely down the overburdened Thames, threading our cautious way through larger and smaller craft, in and out among tow boats and barges, and awkward little luggers with red sails and spankers, past the big guns of Woolwich, and Greenwich hospital with its white haired veterans whose reckoning leaves off where ours begins, by Tilbury fort and Gravesend, where the great river, broadened to an estuary, stretches out its arms to meet the Medway, and the two go wandering off here and there in a tangle of green hills that know no winter, but are always green. So we had come out into yellower and wider water; the sun had set in a bank of cool, gray clouds; the white cliffs and glimmering lights of Margate were already low on the horizon, and the long twilight crept down upon us slowly, imperceptibly.

I had seen but few passengers, all of the heaviest and most uninteresting modern Flemish pattern. But a chance remark of one of the stewards led me to think that there were others of consequence holding themselves aloof in their cabins. One by one, those who were about me on the after deck had gone below as the night breeze strengthened. I knew that the stars were coming out, that under the pale green streak of western sky the English coast was fast receding. But my thoughts were hundreds of miles away. With them I was really strolling through the passage des Princes and back along the boulevard, humming, as I walked, the doctor's air in "L'Ombre:"

Midi—minuit—
Le jour—la nuit!
Midi, c'est la vie,
Minuit, la mort—oui!

And so on through all the details of that troubled night. I lived again in M. Morizot's apartment; I saw his chair at the fire, his book upon the table; nay, even the old letter-press danced before my eyes.

"The prisoner is sworn and asked his name, age, rank and place of abode.

"He said that his name was Francois Ravaillac, born and dwelling at Angoulome"——

The sound of my voice brought me back to the deck of the Baron Osy. I had spoken the words aloud. I turned and saw that they must have been overheard by a passenger who stood at the rail, not ten feet away. He wore a close fitting, pointed cap and a long, dark coat, buttoned tightly under his chin, and these garments had a suggestive richness in them. A splendid jewel, too, shone upon his hand. But his eyes were fixed on me with a look in which fear and wonder mingled strangely; his face seemed white as death, and it was the face of the valet, Cornelio.

I realized an unknown power in the words which I had spoken; and without moving from my place, I finished the broken sentence from the trial of Ravaillac, then repeated it word for word from the beginning. With that, the mark upon his cheek quivered convulsively; he gave a wild cry, like some brute brought to bay, and with one appealing look, as if toward imaginary pursuers closing in upon him, he flung himself over the rail into the sea.

I rushed to the ship's side, as one of the hands, who had seen him jump, tore a life preserver from the guards, and threw it after him. We caught sight of an arm tossed up in the foaming wake far behind. A wave swept over it. The engines were stopped, and a boat was lowered. After a long time it came back, bringing only the wet corks. The old gray sexton of the sea works quickly and well.

We found his name registered upon the list—Ramon Quizas, rentier, of Rio. He had no companion, and his trunks were stored somewhere on the quay at Antwerp. When I left the city they still remained there unclaimed.

Three years later, in one of the continental reading rooms, I took up the Figaro to divert myself with its faits divers and echos de Paris. Between the last mot of Mme. X. and the announcement of a fete at Asnieres I found a line of reference to a matter familiar enough, as it seemed, to all but casual readers, viz., the division among the heirs at law of a handsome property, that of one M. Morizot. The name and the mysterious importance given it rouse I my curiosity, and I wrote at once to a Parisian crony for fuller information. This was his answer:

"Have you retired from the world that you cease to read the news of it? We are worn out with details of the life and death of M. Morizot. Pardon me, then, if I recite them to you very briefly. The worthy man lived, en garcon, in one of those houses of the rue Neuve St. Augustin already condemned to make way for the new avenue, which will be a marvel. Like you, he was a traveler, and he often remained for years an absentee, staying away, at least, longer than the code allows. He became to all intents and purposes a dead man, and his heirs demanded to share his estate, and to break up his collection of jewels, known to be of great value. Man proposes! The safe was opened; but it had been rifled, mon ami. They found there instead the owner's body, stabbed through and through. The good soul had made a hard fight of it. His hand still clutched a bit of a watch chain, identified as the property of a certain Brazilian ape of a servant who never left him. Our haute police is enormously cunning. Bit by bit, the case has been worked up, and this is what happened The two arrived late one night at the northern railway station, where, to save time, at the servant's suggestion, their trunks were left to be claimed in the morning. Thus they installed themselves at home without stir and unannounced. Then the man got the better of his master, and became in his turn an absentee. No one ever dreamed of the arrival or the departure, yet now it is all clear as though we saw it in a glass—the very date proved by the fragment of a journal found in the pocket of what was once M. Morizot. Heed the warning and travel no more, but marry, and let madame watch over you. Get thee a wife, mon amour! Et voild tout!"

I answered my foreign correspondent in good American fashion, by asking a question. Upon what date, I prayed him, was the crime committed? His reply brought me a printed slip, fixing upon the very night of my adventure, but in the year preceding it. And on this point all known records of the affair obstinately agree.

That Senor Ramon Quizas and the valet, Cornelio, were one and the same I have no manner of doubt; but that he ever could have revisited the scene of his double crime is inconceivable. Whose face, then, appeared to me in the mirror? Whose hands were washed in the running water? Who, besides myself, clamored there in the dark for release from his own haunting fears? Did I, by some strange coincidence, dream these things, one after another, in quick succession? Or did the murderer leave behind him in his flight a ghostly presence, to play his hideous part out, time and time again; while the faithful glass of Venice reflected line for line, moment for moment? I cannot answer. But now when I walk in the Avenue de l'Opera I am grateful even for that dullest of improvement's dull marches, sweeping, as it does, all memory but mine of my grim lodging from the face of the earth.—*T. R. Sullivan in Scribner's Magazine.*

Cremation in Alaska.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS THAT FOLLOW DEATH —W

The Columbian.

O. E. Elwell, J. K. Bittenbender., } Editors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, APRIL 22, 1887.

A genuine Western cyclone visited West Virginia last week and caused considerable destruction of property. Houses were swept from their foundations and the inmates only escaped by taking refuge in the cellars. It was the first cyclone ever witnessed in that section.

The *Railway Age* in commenting on the unexpectedly large mileage of completed railway construction for the first quarter of 1887, says that from January 1 to April 1 no less than 1,040 miles of new main track have have been laid on 49 different lines in 25 of the states and territories. This is a larger total than has been recorded for any previous year up to the same date, except in 1882, when the construction for the entire year reached 11,568 miles. The track laying for the year is estimated at from 8,000 to 10,000 miles.

"Only three Presidents before Mr. Cleveland," says the Washington *Star*, "have had the pleasure of celebrating their semi-centennials while in that office. These were James K. Polk, Franklin Pierce and General Grant. James A. Garfield would have been fifty years old had Guiteau's bullet been a month later in concluding its fatal work. President Cleveland has the advantage in years of many of his predecessors. Washington was fifty-seven when he was inaugurated, John Adams, sixty-two, Jefferson, Madison, and John Quincy Adams, fifty-eight; Monroe was fifty-nine, Jackson, sixty-two, VanBuren, fifty-five and Harrison, sixty-eight. General Grant was the youngest and Harrison the oldest of the Presidents."

John Wanamaker has placed, in the tower above the wholesale department of his establishment, a set of chiming bells. There are five bells, weighing respectively 227, 350, 410, 917 and 3,018 pounds. The largest will be used to strike the hour. The others will form a Westminster chime, which will strike a musical chord. They will strike four times at the end of the first quarter, eight times at the second, twelve times at the third and sixteen times at the end of the fourth. The bells were founded in Baltimore. The clock was constructed in Boston. The dial plates are ten feet in diameter. The figures are seventeen inches long, and the hour and minute hands are respectively five and three and a half feet long.

On Tuesday the house passed finally the following bills: The homœopathic pharmacy bill; amending the act of 1834, giving assessors two dollars a day; amending the act of 1867, authorizing cities and boroughs which have elected superintendents and employ no less than one hundred teachers to hold separate teachers' institutes; requiring a brand upon all goods, wares, &c., made for sale by convict or other labor in any penitentiary, reform school, &c.—155 yeas to 4 nays; the mercantile appraisers bill—145 yeas to 14 nays; authorizing cities of the first class to make appropriations for the support and maintenence of houses of refuge and institutions for the reformation of juvenile delinquents; to make the bill a general one to authorize railroad and canal companies to aid in the development of coal, &c., industries approved 1869; the bill for the prevention and punishment of disorderly conduct on railroad passenger trains and at stations; Senate bill to prevent the dissemination of obscene literature; bill to relieve workingmen from certain prosecutions and indictments for conspiracy; to protect German carp in May, June, July and August; Senate bill to abolish poll tax and reduce residence to thirty days in order to vote.

The dispute between President Judge Furst and Associate Judges McCarthy and Foreman, of Huntingdon, is a somewhat startling reminder of the usually slumbering power of lay Associate Judges in Pennsylvania. In the case referred to, the Associates overruled the President Judge, not merely on a question of judicial discretion, but on a question of law. Judge Furst delivered a written opinion declaring that, under the law as interpreted by the Supreme Court, the court was bound to grant licenses where there was visible need for them and no lawful objections to the applicant; but the Associate Judges overruled the President Judge's construction of the law and practically enforced prohibition by refusing all licenses.

It is proposed to appeal the case to the Supreme Court; but we don't see what remedy is afforded there. The granting of licenses is so largely a matter of judicial discretion that the Supreme Court would not be likely to make a law mandatory that is not accepted as made mandatory by the letter or spirit of the statute. Other courts of the State have interpreted the license laws as warranting the absolute refusal of licenses on grounds of public policy; and the fact that the decision is made in Huntingdon by the Associate Judges in reversal of the President or La r Judge of the court, does not in any way impair the sanctity of the judgment.

It is not generally known, but it is none the less true, that the Associate Judge is as potential as the President Judge when the judgment of the Court is to be rendered. It is rare that the lay Associate Judge assumes to overrule the President Judge on a question of law, but it is not because it is not his prerogative to do so. The Huntingdon Associates in the case in question rendered the judgment of the Court, and Judge Furst is simply in the minority of one with two against him.—*Times.*

Flames in a Cemetery.

The old Hanover Cemetery, in Wilkes-Barre, wherein repose the remains of many of the victims of the Wyoming massacre of 1778, caught fire Friday last, and before the flames could be got under control they devoured the fences and blackened and otherwise injured the monuments. The headstones of the dead patriots now present a very dilapidated appearance. The church, which is situated in the cemetery, had a narrow escape from destruction. The conflagration was due to the carelessness of the sexton who set fire to some underbrush which he had gathered together. Dr. Sutliff, of Nanticoke, a descendant of one of the old pioneer families of the valley, will bring suit against the trustees of the cemetery.

Justice to Our Judges.

There is an unreasonable prejudice in the minds of some of our legislators against the pending bill granting an annuity to retired Judges who shall have served twenty years on the bench and reached a certain age. It is assumed by some that the principle is anti-Republican and a dangerous precedent in a popular government; but they forget that it has been a feature of our government from its foundation and applicable to classes with certainly no more and often less claim upon the generosity of the government than has the Judge who gives the vigor of his life to the administration of justice. The Army and the Navy officers are retired at sixty-two on part pay, regardless of merit as public servants, and the Judges of the Supreme Court of the nation can retire at a certain age after ten years of judicial service, on full pay for life.

The principle of an annuity to retired Judges is based on the clearest and broadest demands of justice. The Judge who is called from the bar to administer justice, must be well on toward the noontide of life at least, and when he has served twenty years on the bench, he is, as a rule, unfitted to return to the struggles of the bar. Indeed, the Judge who could return to successful practice after twenty years of judicial service, must be more of an advocate than a Judge, and that class seldom command a re-election to the bench. It must be remembered, also, that our Judges are practically excluded from the ordinary channels of thrift which are open to all other men of their intelligence. The nature of their office excludes them from business enterprises around them which must often come before the Courts with issues for judicial determination; and the Judge is thus substantially limited to his salary for his livelihood and provision for his old age and his family. Viewed from any and every standpoint, the Judge who has served twenty years on the bench and reached his three score years, has the strongest claim upon the justice of the State for an annuity upon his retirement.

The writer hereof has personally known of Judges in this State distinguished for their ability and integrity on the bench, who died in absolute want. They had given the whole vigor of their lives to the administration of justice until the infirmities of age unfitted them for success at the bar, and they languished in sorrow and need until the long halt gave them rest. This should not be in a great State like Pennsylvania, where there is universal pride in the faithful protection to person and property given by our honest Judiciary, and the bill now before the Legislature should not be regarded as an appeal to the generosity of the Commonwealth, but an appeal to its manly sense of justice.

There are hardly more than half a dozen Judges in the State to-day who could now be beneficiaries under the bill in question, and two of the number are on the Philadelphia bench. President Judges Allison and Hare have each given more than thirty consecutive years to judicial service, and President Judge Thayer will reach his score of years as Judge in 1888. The veteran Ex Judges Pearson, of Harrisburg, and Fisher, of York, rank with Allison and Hare as survivors of the Judges first elected in 1851, who served thirty consecutive years, and who would deny them the recognition of a small annuity to mellow the evening of their days? Judges Allison, Hare and Thayer are all yet vigorous in the judicial harness, but why should they not be free to retire on part salary at any time they feel that their responsibility and exacting duties become oppressive? The people will not discard them because of the universal appreciation of their exceptional usefulness, but a majority of them have no fortune upon which they can retire, and they are compelled to accept judicial duties as long as it shall be possible for them to perform the labor.

It is an open secret that the late Judge Ludlow's illness was aggravated by the apprehension that broken health would compel him to retire from the bench, after thirty years of the most enlightened and faithful judicial service without means of support; and it is also an open secret that the late Judge Peirce would not have been renominated last fall if he could have been retired on an annuity. He was known to be broken in health and enfeebled mentally, but the popular appreciation of his judicial service gave him a unanimous re-election rather than retire him without reward to die. The people were more just than is the State, and there is no section of Pennsylvania where the people would not gladly be just, even generously just, to the Judges who have given the golden period of their lives to the faithful protection of person and property. By the passage of the pending bill the State would, therefore, be fairly reflecting that general sense of justice that is so deeply grounded in the American people, and we earnestly urge its enactment as equally just to the Commonwealth and to her veteran Judges.—*Phila. Times.*

The bill above referred to was defeated in the Senate on Wednesday.

Inter-State Commerce Act Putting Railroads on their Metal.

IMPROVED SERVICE AND FASTER TIME TAKE THE PLACE OF COMBINATIONS IN THE STRUGGLE FOR TRADE UNDER THE NEW LAW.

There are as many theories in regard to the inter-state commerce act as there are speculations in reference to the effect of the new law. Most of the railroad managers insist that it will have a disastrous influence on the transportation business, while others who by careful consideration of the subject, without pecuniary interest in it, take the opposite view. Between these conflicting opinions it is difficult to arrive at a correct estimate of the matter. One thing is certain, however, that will be commended. That is, that most of the railroad companies have accepted the situation in good humor and with apparent good faith, and have endeavored to conform their affairs to the new conditions. It may be remarked, that the railroad companies are striving to earn by better service the patronage that was previously obtained by combinations or pooling processes, and that change is certainly for the better.

This fact was demonstrated by Mr. C. C. Beeber, the eastern passenger agent of the Vandalia system, in a conversation with a reporter the other day. "Yes," Mr. Beeber remarked, "our system has accepted the conditions of the new law. No doubt it will break up the combinations by which we were enabled to get business from the eastern roads, but we anticipate no material loss from that fact. We will try by affording the best accommodations and the fastest trains to hold our own. For instance, the fastest time ever made in this country for eighteen continuous miles, on any railroad, was made the other day on our line, between Highland and Collinsville, a distance of eighteen and seven-tenth miles. The run was made in sixteen minutes, being an average of seventy and one eighth miles an hour, or a mile in about 51¼ seconds, the exact fraction being 63.187. The best record for a like distance was made in England some years ago, by a special train carrying the Duke of Wellington from Paddington to Slough, eighteen miles, in fifteen minutes, being a speed of seventy-two miles per hour or a mile in fifty seconds. The Vandalia's record will stand against this, and have a permanent place in the annals of rapid railroading, as the distance is not only longer by seven-tenths of a mile than the distance traveled by Wellington's train, but has the disadvantage shared by all the American roads of grades and curves that the iron horse is not called upon to compete with in England. The roadbeds are as smooth as a billiard table and as straight as a sunbeam; here, as everybody knows, two miles of straight rail are a curiosity. Therefore the Vandalia's run, which is only very little shorter than the record train here quoted, is all the more remarkable."

Speaking on the same subject another railroad man said to the reporter so long as the law was administered impartially no bad effects could be felt by regular railroad corporations. Where competing lines existed the only effect would be to stimulate each to exertions in order to secure the business. "For example," he said "much advantage will be obtained by prompt and excellent delivery service. When there are two companies in competition the one that can make delivery at the terminal best will soon find the business drifting in its direction."

"The interest which will suffer most on account of the new law will be transportation companies that have cars but are without road beds," an experienced railroad manager said to the reporter. "By this I mean such concerns as the Union line, the White Star line, the Peipher line and similar corporations. They obtain their business by securing special terms of wheel tolls for carrying their freights. These conditions will, of course, be prevented in the future, and these corporations will have no better terms from the railroads over which they run their cars than private individuals or individual shippers can procure. Naturally this will take away their profits and leave them without an incentive to do business. But outside of that, I can't see how the new law can have a damaging effect on transportation companies."

Carlisle for Cleveland.

A St. Louis dispatch, dated April 15, says:

Congressman Carlisle and wife passed through St. Louis to-day on their way to Wichita, Kan., to visit their two sons living there. When asked what he thought of the claim that the Democrats were losing ground, Mr. Carlisle answered:

"I don't see where we are losing. We have not lost a single State yet which we have had, but, on the other hand, have gained one—Rhode Island—and I think we stand a very good chance of getting Massachusetts. That does not look like losing ground. The Democrats will certainly carry the country at the next Presidential election."

"Who will be the nominee?"

"Oh, Mr. Cleveland, I suppose. I don't think there's much doubt about that."

"He is your choice?"

"Yes; I think he ought to be renominated. In fact it would not be advisable, in my opinion, for us to attempt to make any change."

"Can he get the support of the South?"

"For the nomination, do you mean? I think so, and I am quite sure he could carry it at the election."

WASHINGTON LETTER

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 18, 1887.

The Commissioners of the District of Columbia have done all in their power to make Sunday "blue" in Washington. They have resurrected the old "closing laws" which have long mouldered in the statute book and are rigidly enforcing them. Not only saloons, but every sort of an establisoment where trade is carried on for profit, except apothecary shops and undertaking establishments, are to be tightly closed.

Yesterday was the second Sunday since the old, new law went into effect. On the preceding Sunday crowds of thirsty men were seen leaving the "dry" city and going in the direction of the taverns on the country roads in the vicinity. Long before dark the suburban bars were "closed", not because it was Sunday, but because their supply of liquids was exhausted. There was no deficiency yesterday at these places. During the week beer wagons and grocery teams from the city stocked all the country hotels, taverns and "road-houses" with liquor sufficient to supply the expected demand.

A close observer of the dietetic habits of the Cabinet has discovered, and given to the world the result of his researches, that the only total abstainer who sits at Mr. Cleveland's Council Board is Attorney General Garland. He also discovered that Secretary Whitney's liquor bills were very large, owing to his liberal hospitality. If anything were needed, however, to demonstrate the leaning of the President towards the temperance cause, it is only necessary to point to the recent example set in this respect by the mistress of the White House, who, without the least trace of fanaticism or intolerance, occupies the position that the drinking of intoxicating liquors is neither a proper thing to do nor to encourage. It will be remembered that when at the Diplomatic State dinner the customary seven or eight wines were served, as usual, to the guests, Mrs. Cleveland took only water.

Mrs. Cleveland's interesting personality continues to afford much material for the gossips and the press. Her most trivial sayings and doings, and many things which she has never said or done, are constantly printed. She is now enjoying a season of quiet retirement and rest at the President's country place, "Oak View," and has not been to the White House for a fortnight.

The novel proposition has been made that all the ladies who have presided as hostess of the Executive Mansion make arrangements for a meeting and reception in Washington. All the former Presidents have passed away, but there are still living eleven ladies who have occupied the position of first lady of the land. These are the widow of President Tyler and Mrs. Semple, her step-daughter, now an inmate of the Louise Home in this city, who, during the period between her own mother's death and the second marriage of her father, was the head of his household at the White House. Then there are the widow of President Polk, and Mrs. Johnson, the niece of President Buchanan, who was four years the mistress of the Mansion; Mrs. Patterson, the daughter of President Johnson; Mrs. Grant, who had the position for eight years; Mrs. Hayes, who had it for four; Mrs. Garfield, who had it only six months; Mrs. McElroy, the late President Arthur's sister, who was lady of the White House during part of each of the three years of his term; Miss Rose Cleveland, who reigned fifteen months, and lastly, the young wife of the President.

When, last evening, General George Sheridan repeated by request, his lecture on "The Modern Pagan," which was, by the way, an attack and a refutation of Ingersollism, he was introduced to the audience by the Lieutenant General of the Army. They are friends and admirers of each other but are not relatives. The lecturer says he is constantly asked what relation he is to General "Phil." He answered the question humorously once, in a political speech. "So that there can be no misunderstanding," said he, "I will state that I am neither his father nor his brother nor his uncle nor his wife's aunt's sister's mother-in-law." In fact, he was no possible relation of the great soldier.

"General George," as he is called by his friends, owes his title of General to having once been Adjutant-General of Louisiana. He was elected to the Forty-third Congress from that state, but his election was contested by ex-Governor Pinchback, and he was not awarded his seat until the closing hours of the last day of the last session, just in time to draw his pay for two years service, mileage, and expenses of contest, amounting in all to about fourteen thousand dollars.

Abraham Lincoln's Body.

On April 14, the remains of President and Mrs. Lincoln were privately taken from their secret resting place in Springfield and interred in the north vault of the Lincoln monument in Oak Ridge Cemetery. Less than a dozen persons, members of the Lincoln Monument Association and Lincoln Guard of Honor, were present. For years the whereabouts of the remains of the great President and his wife have been kept secret from anxiety that they would be stolen. The actual attempt to carry off his body in 1876 was the moving cause of the formation of the guard of honor, which organization secreted it and have just surrendered the charge.

The secret grave was directly under the north base of the obelisk, about thirty feet from the north entrance but only accessible through the south door. The body of Mr. Lincoln was in a walnut coffin, lined with an air tight lead lining about one-eighth of an inch thick. The walnut coffin was in a cedar box and the cedar box was inclosed in a pine box. Mrs. Lincoln's remains were similarly inclosed. When the lid of the President's coffin was removed, his face was seen to be in a remarkable state of preservation. Those who stood around and had known Lincoln when alive, easily discerned the features. They were very distinct. The silver plate on the coffin lid was bright.

While the remains of Mr. Lincoln were exposed to view General Reese, president of the Guards of Honor, turned the remains of Mr. Lincoln over to the Lincoln Monument Association.

The coffin was then sealed up and taken out by the workmen and carried around to the vault on the north side. The members of the two associations, and a stranger or two who happened to be looking at the monument followed. In the north vault the floor had been taken up. A hole eight feet long, by six wide, and five and a half feet deep, bricked up and cemented, had been prepared.

The President's coffin was placed in this grave, on the west side. The coffin containing Mrs. Lincoln's remains, which had been brought from the secret grave before the other coffin, was then brought to the vault and placed on the east side of her husband. A brick arch was then built over the coffins. This was covered with cement, mixed with small, broken rock.

The marble sarcophagus, in which the public have supposed the remains to be, is still in the vault.

East Benton.

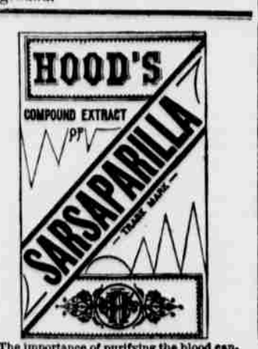
The business boom may be judged by the occupancy of all the empty houses in our end. It is a barometer of the moving business.

After the sale at the Samuel Savage estate, on the hill, last Saturday afternoon, there was a little pugilistic display, but the "Queensbury rules" were not observed—hence the whole affair should be condemned as a 66 foul."

Hally Werner, of Pine Creek, aged about 21 years, and teaching school at Nanticoke, was struck by paralysis last Thursday or Friday. Though thought to be dying he is yet in a critical condition, and his recovery, at last accounts, was still in doubt.

Soon the shrill whistle of the locomotive will be heard through our land. Waterton or Cambra will hear it through the telephone. Bendertown will not hear it all, they have no telephone.

After a lapse of a long cold Winter our agricultural community is presenting a business-like appearance—especially after Monday noon, April 18, when about 8 inches of snow covered the ground.

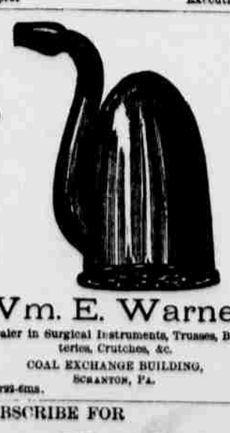


The importance of purifying the blood cannot be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health.

At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and we ask you to try Hood's **Peculiar** Sarsaparilla. It strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. The peculiar combination, proportion, and preparation of the vegetable remedies used give to Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar curative powers. No **To Itself** other medicine has such a record of wonderful cures. If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other instead. It is a Peculiar Medicine, and is worthy your confidence.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar



"London Hearing Horn."

Send for Price to

Wm. E. Warner,

Dealer in Surgical Instruments, Trusses, Batteries, Crutches, &c.

COAL EXCHANGE BUILDING, SCRANTON, PA.

aprs2-6ms.

SUBSCRIBE FOR

THE COLUMBIAN,

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

Fautless Family Medicine.

"I have used Simmons Liver Regulator for many years, having made it my only Family Medicine. My mother bef re me was very partial to it. It is a safe, good and reliable medicine for any disorder of the system, and if used in time is a great preventative of sickness. I often recommend it to my friends, and shall continue to do so.

"REV. JAMES M. HOLLINS,
"Pastor M. E. Church, So. Fairfield, Va."

TIME AND DOCTORS' BILL SAVED

by always keeping Simmons Liver Regulator in the house.

"I have found Simmons Liver Regulator the best family medicine I ever used for anything that may happen have used it in. Indigestion, Colic, Diarrhœa, Biliousness, and found it to relieve immediately. After eating a hearty supper, if, on going to bed, I take about a teaspoonful I never feel the effects of the supper eaten.

"DAVID G. SPARKS,
Ex-Mayor Macon, Ga."

J. H. Zeilin & Co.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
PRICE, $1.00

CANDIDATES' CARDS.

FOR COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT,
FRANCIS HECK, A. M.

FOR COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT,
J. S. GRIMES, M. E.

Schuyler's Hardware.

Among the new goods lately received is a new door lock; works like the old ones, only if your arms are full of things you do not want to lay down, push on the knob and the door flies open. Handy and cheap.

We have more tinware than we care to keep in stock, and if you come in or look at some of the goods hanging out, the price will strike you as rather odd for such goods.

We have the handsomest and best carpet sweeper ever made, the "Gold Medal;" every one warranted, and only $3.00 If this was a tool for a man we would sell dozens of them, but somehow a man will put a woman off, thinks a broom is good enough; don't be put off, this is worth the money, and saves dust and carpets, and lots of backaches.

We are opening our Fishing tackle; such a lot of stuff, just to catch fish; rods, from 20c. to $10.00; reels of all kinds, and lines to suit all fancies; hooks in all shapes and flies of all description. The new "fluttering fly" is pronounced by expert fishermen the best trout deceiver yet produced. Baskets and rod mountings, etc., etc.

Shovels, spades, forks, hoes, rakes, trowels, in endless variety, for garden and farm use, at any price you want to pay.

Fine Kentucky lawn grass seed mixture, for beautifying your lawns or yards, by the quart and pint.

J. R. SCHUYLER & CO.,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

WIDOWS APPRAISEMENTS.

The following Widows Appraisements will be presented to the Orphans Court of Columbia county on the first Monday of May A. D. 1887, and confirmed nisi; and unless exceptions are filed within four days thereafter will be confirmed absolute.

1. Samuel Savage decd, Fishingcreek; Personalty $28.50. Realty $271.50.
2. Stephen Hetler decd, Mifflin; Personalty $891.90.
3. Thomas Hartman decd, Fishingcreek; Personalty $18.00. Realty $150.00.
4. Samuel Nolton decd. Mt. Pleasant; Personalty $90 00.
5. Frederick Hilley decd, Benton; Personalty $510.80.
6. Samuel Hutchings decd, Hemlock; Personalty $100.00.
7. Samuel Melick decd. Orange; Personalty $300.00.
8. John Bower decd, Centre; Personalty $300.00.
9. James Lake decd, Scott; Personalty $968.90.
10. Joseph R. Barkley decd, Bloomsburg; Personalty $116.75. Realty $189.25.
11. Peter Brugler decd, Bloomsburg; Personalty $300.00.
12. Jonathan Artman decd, Madison; Personalty $68.90.
13. Henry G. Martz decd, Briarcreek; Realty $300.00.
14. William B. Hess decd, Jackson; Personalty $300.00.

WM. H. SNYDER, Clerk O. C.
Clerk's office, Bloomsburg Pa., April 11, 1887.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS!

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the North & West Branch Railway Company is called for Tuesday, April 26, 1887, at 12 o'clock, M., at 123 South Fourth street, Philadelphia. Election for President and Directors, same day and place.

ALBERT HEWSON,
aprs-3t. Secretary.

EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE.

Estate of Joseph R. Barkley, late of the town of Bloomsburg, Pa., dec'd.

Letters testamentary in said estate, having been granted to the undersigned executrix all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to pay the same, and those having claims against said estate to present the same to

JULIA A. BARKLEY,
1apr6t Executrix.

LICENSE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the following named persons have filed with the Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace of Columbia county, their petitions for license, which will be presented to the said Court on Monday, the second day of May, A. D., 1887, at 2 o'clock p. m:

Aurand, George & Son,	Bloomsburg,	Hotel
Berger, R.,	Berwick Boro.,	Restaurant
do	do	Bottler
Billman, Geo. W.,	Conyngham twp,	Hotel
Blosser, Jacob,	Scott Twp.,	Hotel
Boran, Thomas,	Centralia Boro.,	Restaurant
Collins, Thomas,	do	do
Cole, Norman,	Sugarloaf Twp.,	do
Detterick, C. H.,	Hemlock Twp.,	Hotel
Donahue, Andrew,	Conyngham twp,	Restaurant
Farrell, Robert,	Centralia Boro.,	do
Fetterman, Charles,	do	do
Folmer, A. H.,	Greenwood Twp.,	Hotel
Gingger, Wm.,	Bloomsburg,	do
Gilmore, Wm. H.,	do	Restaurant
Goldsworthy, John W.,	Centralia Boro.,	Hotel
Gross, Peter,	Bloomsburg,	Bottler
Haffey, E. J.,	Centralia Boro.,	Restaurant
Hazelton, Samuel,	Montour Twp.,	Hotel
Hess, Hiram,	Benton Twp.,	do
Hess, Aaron W.,	Mifflin Twp.,	do
Jacoby, O. A.,	Bloomsburg,	Liquor store
Kelfer, John H.,	Catawissa Twp.,	Hotel
Kisler, Hester,	do	do
Klase, G. W.,	Berwick Boro.,	do
Kline, John L.,	Conyngham Twp.,	do
Knorr, Nathan,	Locust Twp.,	do
Leiby, Samuel,	Roaringcek Twp,	Restaurant
Long, B. E.,	Sugarloaf Twp.,	Hotel
Maley, George,	Centralia Boro,	Restaurant
McFeaden, Edward,	do	do
McHenry, J. B	Benton Twp.,	Hotel
Mcdrearty, James,	Centralia Boro,	Bottler
McLaughlin, Arthur,	do	Liquor store
Nortney, John,	do	do
O'Conner, Johanna,	Centralia Boro,	Liquor store
Perry, J. W.,	Sugarloaf Twp.	Hotel
Rhawn, J. K.,	Catawissa twp,	Restaurant
Rinehy, Samuel D.,	Madison Twp.,	do
Rook, W. G.,	Berwick Boro.,	Hotel
Rooney, A. C.,	Centralia Boro,	do
Ryan, Michael J.,	do	Restaurant
Smith, A. R.,	Madison Twp.,	Hotel
Smith, Potter,	Beaver Twp.,	do
Spoonenberg, Benjamin,	Berwick Boro.,	Restaurant
Stoner, Bernard	Bloomsburg,	do
Shuman, Addison W.,	Main Twp.,	Hotel
Thiele, August	Berwick Boro,	Bottler
Thrash, A. J.,	Scott Twp.,	Hotel
Truckenmiller, Adam,	Catawissa twp	Restaurant
Turner, J. M.,	Orange Twp.,	Hotel
Yeager Wellington,	Locust Twp.,	do
Yetter, Boyd R.,	Main Twp.,	do
Yetter, Wright A.,	Catawissa Twp.	do
Yoder, Aaron,	Locust Twp.,	Restaurant
Yohey, Owen,	Berwick Boro,	Hotel

WM. H. SNYDER, Clerk of Q. S.
Clerk's office, Bloomsburg, Pa., April 15, 1887.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, the Hon. WILLIAM ELWELL President Judge of the Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace and the Court of Common Pleas and Orphans' Court in the 26th Judicial District, composed of the counties of Columbia and Montour, and the Hons. C. G. Murphy and C. N. McHenry, Associate Judges of Columbia county have issued their precept, bearing date the 14th day of Feb. in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven, and to me directed for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Court of Common Pleas and Orphans' Court, in Bloomsburg, in the county of Columbia, on the first Monday, being the 2nd day of May next to continue for two weeks.

Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, to the Justices of the Peace, and the Constables of the said County of Columbia, that they be then and there in their proper person at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said 25th day of May with their records inquisitions and other remembrances, to do those things which to their offices appertain to be done. And those that are bound by recognizance to prosecute against the prisoners that are or may be in the jail of the said county of Columbia, to be then and there to prosecute them as shall be just. Jurors are requested to be punctual in their attendance, agreeably to their notices. Dated at Bloomsburg the 1st day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven, and in the one hundred and eleventh year of the Independence of the United States of America.

L. S.

Sheriff's Office, SAMUEL SMITH, Sheriff

PUBLIC SALE
OF VALUABLE
Real Estate!
UNDER AN ORDER OF COURT.

Pursuant to an order of the Common Pleas Court of Columbia county, there will be exposed to public sale, on the premises in Fishingcreek township, said county, on

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1887,

at 2 o'clock p. m., the following described real estate of Benjamin C. Hess, a lunatic, to-wit: All that certain lot or piece of land, situate in Fishingcreek township, aforesaid, bounded on the north by land of Mahala B. Hess, on the east by a public road, on the south and west by land of Samuel Yost, containing

1-2 ACRE

of land, whereon are erected a new two-story

FRAME DWELLING HOUSE,

a new stable and outbuildings.

Terms made known on day of sale.

aprs DAVID YOST, Committee.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE
OF VALUABLE
Real Estate!

Pursuant to an order of the Orphans' Court of Columbia county, Pennsylvania, there will be exposed at public sale, on the premises, in Orange township, in said county, on

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1887,

at 10 o'clock a. m., the following described real estate, late the property of Samuel Keller, dec'd, to-wit: A certain tract of land, bounded as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post on the road leading from Orangeville to Centre township; thence along said road north seventy-four and one-half degrees east, sixteen and three-tenths purchase to a post; thence by land of David Herring, north forty-nine perches to a stone; thence by land of heirs of George Kline, south, seventy-five degrees west, sixteen and three-tenths perches to a stone; thence by land of John Snyder, south forty-nine perches, to the place of beginning, containing

5 ACRES,

strict measure, with improvements.

TERMS OF SALE.—Ten per cent. of one-fourth of the purchase money to be paid at the striking down of the property, the one-fourth less the ten per cent. at the confirmation absolute and the remaining three fourths in one year thereafter with interest from confirmation nisi. Purchaser to pay for drawing deed.

WILLIAM DELONG, Admr.
C. W. MILLER, Atty. aprs.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of a writ of Vend. Ex., issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia county, Pa., and to me directed, will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House, in Bloomsburg, on

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1887,

at 2 o'clock p. m., all that certain piece of land, situate in Jackson township, Columbia Co., Pa., bounded by lands of William Brink, Rohr McHenry, Lewis Banks and others, containing sixty-two acres and ninety-three perches. (It being designated as pur part No. 3, allotted to said Lewis C. Young by the Orphans' Court of said county.)

Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of Lewis C. Young.

SAMUEL SMITH, Sheriff.
MILLER AND IKELER & HERRING, Attys.

NOTICE!

Notice is hereby given that the following accounts have been filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia county, and will be presented to the said Court on the first Monday of May, A. D. 1887, and confirmed nisi, and unless exceptions are filed within four days thereafter, will be confirmed absolute:

1. The first and partial account of Isaac Heacock, committee of the person and estate of Jane McMichael, of Greenwood township, a lunatic.
2. The first and partial account of A. P. Young, trustee of Amanda Cox.
3. The first and final account of G. W. Creveling, C. M. Creveling, A. Y. Kressler, C. W. Neal and C. W. Miller, Directors of the Espy Lime & Cement Co.

WM. H. SNYDER, Proth'y.
Prothy's office, Bloomsburg, April 8, 1887.

NOTICE!

Notice is hereby given that the following account has been filed in the Orphans' Court of Columbia county, and will be presented to the said Court on the first Monday of May, A. D., 1887, and confirmed nisi, and unless exceptions are filed within four days thereafter, will be confirmed absolute:

1. The second and final account of Richard W. Lyons, trustee, to make sale of the real estate of Joseph Houghton, late of Pine township, dec'd.

WM. H. SNYDER, Clerk of O. C.
Clerk's office, Bloomsburg, Pa., April 8, 1887.

DIRECTORS' CONVENTION.

TO THE SCHOOL DIRECTORS OF COLUMBIA COUNTY:

Gentlemen:—In pursuance of the forty-third section of the Act of 8th May, 1854, you are hereby notified to meet in convention at the Court House in Bloomsburg, on the first Tuesday in MAY, A. D. 1887, at one o'clock in the afternoon, being the third day of the month, and select, viva voce by a majority of the whole number of directors present, one person of literary and scientific attainments, and of skill and experience in the art of teaching, as county Superintendent, for the three succeeding years; and to certify the result to the State Superintendent at Harrisburg, as required by the thirty-ninth and fortieth sections of said Act.

J. S. GRIMES,
aprs-3t County Supt. of Columbia Co.

ANNUAL STATEMENT
—OF THE—
TOWN OF BLOOMSBURG,
FOR THE YEAR ENDING MARCH 31, 1887.

FUNDED DEBT.

Bonds due Aug 1, '87,		$ 1 000	
" Jan 1, '88,		600	
" Feb 1, '88,		500	
" Aug 1, '88,		620	
" " " '89,		620	
" " " '90,		620	
" " " '91,		640	
" " " '92,		660	
" " " '93,		640	
" " " '94,		700	
" " " '95,		700	
" " " '96,		720	
" " " '97,		760	
" " " '98,		880	
" " " '99,		740	
" " " 1900,		500	
			$10940 00

VALUATION OF TAXABLE PROPERTY IN 1886.

Real estate,	$1 413 340	
Personal property,	52 170	
Occupations,	172 095	
		1637605 00
Two per cent of above valuations		32752 10

ASSETS.

Bal due on duplicate of '84,	$ 284 48	
" " " '85,	238 20	
" " " '86,	1978 43	
		$ 2501 11
Due from sundry persons on act't		82 20
" est of J H Harman for sewer permit,	$ 10 00	
Due from Wm Krickbaum, sewer permit,	5 00	
Due from J D Fowler (C W Miller), sewer permits,	5 00	
Due from C A Klein, sewer permit,	5 00	
Due from C S Furman, sewer permit,	5 00	
Due from Knorr & Wintersteen, sewer permit,	5 00	
Due from E H Little, sewer permits,	5 00	
Due from J K Lockard, sewer permit,	5 00	
		$ 45 00
Due from sundry persons, on old accounts		5 46
		$ 8633 77

LIABILITIES.

Orders of '83, outstanding	$ 26 49	
" '84, "	6 81	
" '85, "	695 88	
" '86, "	613 09	
		$ 1342 71
J Karns judgm't for inj. to leg,		416 66
Bloom Gas Co., judgm't No 121, Sept. Term. '85, for outstand'g orders for '84 and '85, and interest thereon,		$ 1238 41
Coupons of '86-'87, due and unp'd		15 00
		3012 78
Excess of liabilities over assets,		$ 374 01

NEWTON BOONE, COLLECTOR FOR '84.

DR.

To bal on duplicate of '84,		$ 564 39

CR.

By exonerations allowed by council on duplicate for '83 and applied on duplicate of '84	$ 17 31	
By exonerations allow'd on duplicate of '84	49 60	
Amt paid Wm Chrisman, Treas, at various times,	213 00	
		$ 279 91
Bal due,		284 48
		$ 564 39

DAVID WINNER, COLLECTOR FOR '85.

DR.

To bal on duplicate of '85,		$ 1963 50

CR.

By exonerations allowed by council,	$ 100 80	
By amt pd Wm Chrisman Treas	1695 00	
		$ 1725 80
Bal due,		238 20
		$ 1963 50

M. C. WOODWARD, COLLECTOR FOR '86.

DR.

To amt of duplicate for '86,		$ 2478 43

CR.

The Columbian

BLOOMSBURG, PA

FRIDAY APRIL 22, 1887.

CORRECT RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Trains on the Philadelphia & R R. leave Rupert as follows:

NORTH.	SOUTH.
6:36 a. m.	11:49 a. m.
3:42 p. m.	6:18 p. m.

—o—

Trains on the D. L. & W. R. R. leave Bloomsburg as follows:

NORTH.	SOUTH.
6:15 a. m.	8:29 a. m.
10:20 a. m.	11:44 a. m.
2:02 p. m.	4:1o p. m.
6:36 p. m.	8:47 p. m.

—o—

Trains on the N. & W. B. Railway pass Bloomberry as follows:

NORTH.	SOUTH.
10:46 a. m.	11:54 a. m.
6.36 p. m.	4:19 p. m.

SUNDAY.

NORTH.	SOUTH.
10:16 a m	6:39 p m

Reduced Rates.

Hereafter the price for publishing Executors, and administrator's notices in the COLUMBIAN will be $2.00 including a note and receipt book. No other paper in the county makes so liberal an offer.

Auditor's notices also reduced to $2.00.

SALES.

FOR SALE.—A young bay horse—will work double or single. For further information apply to Brown Bros., opposite postoffice.

FOR SALE.—Pair of handsome bay horses six and seven years old, large and strong, good drivers and will work anywhere. Warranted sound and free from faults or blemishes are offered for sale solely for want of use. J. R. SCHUYLER

APRIL 30 David Yost, committee of B C. Hess, will sell real estate in Fishingcreek twp. at 2 p. m. See advertisement.

APRIL 30.—William DeLong administrator of Samuel Keller, deceased, will sell real estate in Orange township, at 10 a. m. See advertisement.

W. S. Hess, administrator of the estate of George Kelchner deceased, will sell valuable property on the west end of the premises in Centre township on Saturday april 30th. commencing at one o'clock. A tract of 412 acres will positively be sold either as a whole or in parts to suit purchasers.

A Fine Residence For Sale.

The executors of Mary N. Harman, deceased, offer at private sale a handsome residence on Market street above Main, Bloomsburg. The house is of brick, large pleasant rooms, steam heat, gas, water, sewerage, and all modern improvements. There is a large frame barn, ice house and outbuildings. One of the most desirable locations in the town. Terms easy.

They also offer for sale thirty-seven acres of land on Normal hill, adjoining P. Dillon's and the Hoyt estate. Can be divided into desirable building lots. For terms and particulars apply to I. W. McKelvy, one of the executors, or Geo. E Elwell, attorney, Bloomsburg, Pa. tf

FOR RENT.

Two rooms on second floor of the COLUMBIAN building, together or separately. Steam heat, gas, water on same floor. Rent low. Inquire of Geo. E. Elwell. [3t

LOST.

A pair of hammered gold bowed glasses, either on Iron, Fourth or upper Main streets. Any one finding them will receive a suitable reward by returning them to Mrs. C. Harrison's, on East street.

WANTS.

WANTED.—A girl to do house work—will pay $2 00 the year around. Address Box 204. [apr22.

GOOD BOARDING CHEAP.—Jurors and others attending court will find it to their advantage to write to the undersigned and secure boarding during the time they remain in Bloomsburg. WM. BEERS,
Cor. Main and West streets.

Wall paper hangings and ceiling decorations to produce almost any effect desired. Call and examine our stock and be convinced. Clark's book store.

Personal.

Mrs. N. U. Funk has been quite sick the past week.

H. M. Rupert has been quite sick this week with quinsy.

Geo. W. Cole has moved from Rohrsburg to Orangeville.

James Thornton went to Reading this week to spend a few days.

Col. S. Knorr has been confined to his house by illness for the past two weeks.

Mr. William Webb was taken sick suddenly on Tuesday, and is now confined to his bed.

Mr. Thomas Edgar of Espy, who was confined to his bed with throat difficulty, is much improved and able to be out again.

Rev. F. W. Conrad, D. D. editor of the *Lutheran Observer*, Philadelphia, preached in the Lutheran church of this place, Sunday last, morning and evening.

Mr. R. F. Welliver, recently a graduate in pharmacy at Philadelphia, left for Savannah, Georgia, Saturday last, where he expects to locate. May much success attend him.

Dr. T. C. Harter left town Thursday morning for an extended trip through the west. On his return he will stop at the University of New York to take a special course in the diseases of the throat, heart and lungs, after which he will return to Bloomsburg, where he will practice his profession. We wish him success.

Trout fishing season opened last Friday

Latest styles in neckwear just received by Bertsch, the tailor.

Some repairs have been made on the roof of the Episcopal church.

The Easter music was repeated at St. Paul's church on Sunday last.

An elegant line of SPRING OVERCOATS Just received at D. Lowenberg's.

Mr. N. U. Funk, Esq., has improved his premises by giving his barns a fresh coat of paint.

Window shades, plain or dado, either mounted or without fixtures as you prefer, at Clark's book store.

Most of the young folks, who spent the Easter vacation at home, have returned to their respective schools.

The new buildings of the School Furnishing Co. are nearly completed and will soon be ready for the machinery.

HO! FOR THE WEST!—Don't miss seeing the large assortment of Trunks, Satchels and Bags at D. Lowenberg's.

A number of young people from town serenaded the Normal School one evening last week, much to the discomfort of the students.

The championship base ball season opened last Saturday. Games were played at Philadelphia, New York, Washington and other cities.

Embossed Gilts, Plain Gilts, Single Prints, Mica, Satins, White Back and Brown Back Paper for your parlor, sitting room and hall, at Mercer's.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite, Free Masonry, was held here yesterday. A large number of Masons were in town.

WANTED!—1,000 boys and children to buy New Spring Suits. New in style and low in price, at David Lowenberg's.

Public schools here will close on May 9.

W. B. Allen is the owner of a very pretty pug pup.

For Wall Paper go to Mercer's drug and book store.

Court commences one week from next Monday, May 2.

Mercantile Appraiser B. F. Fruit is going over the county, attending to his official duties.

Hon. A. L. Fritz, will please accept thanks for copy of "Legislative Directory" for 1887.

Rumor has it that H. C. Kelchner of Light Street will be a candidate for county treasurer.

Wall paper for 1887. The newest, best colored and most artistic designs at Clark's book store.

Mrs. M. A. Smith has taken rooms in Mrs. Ent's house, recently occupied by Wm. Webb.

I. W. Hartman & Son's exhibit of Spring goods is now open. They have a great variety and it is tastily displayed.

The Legislature on Monday agreed that Thursday, May 19th, should be fixed as the day for final adjournment.

J. F. Caldwell has purchased a bright, neat, new delivery wagon, with which to reach his numerous customers.

The rush has commenced for Spring styles in Neckwear. Call and see the beautiful stock, now in—at D. Lowenberg s.

Quite a number of sleighs were seen on our streets Tuesday. The parties evidently wished to enjoy the last of the season.

A first-class paper hanger will be furnished to hang your paper, if you like.
JAMES H. MERCER.

A Dairy Maid's Festival will be held at the house of Mr. C. W. Miller, Friday evening, April 22. Refreshments will be served.

For Window Curtains, either Plain or Dado, Spring Rollers, Wall Paper and ceiling Decorations, go to Mercer's. Cheap for cash.

Gus Williams plays "Captain Mishler" at Danville on Saturday night, and several parties from town expect to go down to see him.

Business at the boat-yard in Espy is increasing rapidly. They have had so much work on hand this season that the force of men has been doubled.

Mrs. R. A. Snyder has gone to New York City to buy millinery goods. She will have a fine stock on exhibition next week. Look out for all the novelties in Spring styles.

Work was commenced Tuesday morning at Catawissa, on the new nail works. It is the purpose to have the foundation all ready by the time the lumber is on the ground.

Jno. Reice, who has been assisting his brother C. E. Reice in the butchering business, left for Philadelphia last week, where he expects to engage in butchering business for himself.

Four or five timbers, each sixty feet long, were taken through Main street on Wednesday, on their way to Huntingdon, where they will be used in building a bridge on the B. & S railroad.

The result of G. W. Bertsch's recent trip to the cities now appears in his store, in the shape of handsome spring suitings, hats and caps, and an elegant line of neckwear and furnishing goods.

J. R. Schuyler & Co. have a fine lot of fishing tackle. Trout rods, river rods, fly hooks, hooks and lines of all kinds, and a general stock of sportsman's supplies are exhibited in their show window.

Men's, Youths, Boys and Children's
Tailor Fitting Clothing.
Leading in quantity, quality and style.
Perfect satisfaction always the motto of
DAVID LOWENBERG.

Charles B. Fenstemacher and Miss Counsel, both of Philadelphia, were united in marriage the beginning of last week in the presence of a few near friends. We wish them long life and much happiness.

Latest shape in hats, Dunlaps, Youman, et cætera.
Correct in style,
Fine in quality,
Lowest in price, at Lowenberg's.

Henry Kleim's store, on East street, is stocked with canned goods and groceries of all kinds It is an old stand and deserves liberal patronage. Mr. Kleim is an old resident of the town and an excellent citizen.

All soldiers are warned to beware of the concern known as the "United States Maimed Soldiers' League," of Philadelphia, which is a swindle that deserves the condemnation of every veteran.—*Susquehanna Transcript.*

There is some talk of organizing a lawn tennis club in town. It is rather early yet in the season, but lawn tennis is a very pleasant game to while away the Summer evenings. It affords almost as much exercise as base ball.

Harman & Hassert continue to turn out large numbers of mine cars. Every day can be seen long trains of them ready for shipment. They give steady employment to a large number of workmen, and the workmen are strongly attached to their employers.

To-day being Arbor Day, it will be observed by exercises in the different schools of town. Trees will be planted at the Normal school by the several classes there. It is hoped that the day will be generally observed and that trees will be planted all over the county.

The Young People's Guild of the Episcopal church are raising funds for the purchase and planting of fruit and ornamental trees on the Rectory grounds, and are meeting with good success. A portion of the grounds will be laid out for a tennis court and croquet ground.

Mr. R. C. Neal is the possessor of a fine bird dog. For some time past a lump has been growing upon the dog's side, which, upon examination, proved to be a tumor. On Saturday the dog was chloroformed and the tumor removed by Dr. J. W. Willits. From latest accounts the dog is doing finely.

The Assessors are now on their rounds, and are presenting taxpayers with the printed forms upon which to make up their statements and returns of personal property, subject to taxation, for 1887. These statements must be made out and returned to the Assessor within ten days after they are delivered, under oath. If this is not done, the Assessors are required to make returns for delinquents. Every tax-payer should read over the blanks carefully.

The Merchant Tailoring Department is now replete in Spring styles. Call and see the largest stock of Cloths, Cassimeres, &c., to select from. Suits made up in City Style at D. Lowenberg's, Merchant Tailor.

Get your orders in early with Bertsch, the tailor, for a spring suit.

Mr. James H Mercer's father's home, in Ohio, was destroyed by fire Thursday of last week. The fire is supposed to have originated from the chimney. There was a small insurance.

Frank I. Frane, who is now playing "Mardo" at the National Theatre, Philadelphia, will play here on Saturday, April 30. Several wild animals are introduced incidental to the play.

I invite the attention of parties who intend papering or decorating their walls or ceilings to the largest and most complete line of wall hangings or ceiling decorations in town. George A. Clark.

Many parties were seen on our hill-sides during the past week in search of the beautiful trailing arbutus. The plant is unusually full of flowers this season. Parties in search of it should be careful not to destroy more of the plant than necessary while gathering the flower, as it may become extinct.

A mock trial was given by members of the Philologian Society at Normal Chapel Saturday evening. The case was one of "Breach of Promise." The examination of witnesses became very exciting and so prolonged that the judge was not able to give his charge to the jury, nor even the attorneys to present their argument.

A fierce fight occurred at Plymouth last Monday evening in which noses were broken, eyes blackened and some blood spilled. A lot of Hungarians got drunk at a dance, and the fight began by one fellow objecting to another's attentions to his girl. Toward the last the parties fought with hatchets, and it is a wonder some lives were not lost.

April 18, 1887, will be remembered as a wintry day. Snow began to fall early in the morning and continued at intervals nearly all day, until the ground was covered with a snowy mantle eight inches in depth. P. H. Freeze informs us that there was a heavy snow storm on April 18, 1854, falling in some parts of the county as deep as fifteen inches.

H. J. Clark & Son are repainting the wood-work on the outside of their store-building. Their store is one of the largest and handsomest to be found anywhere in this section of the state. The large new show window affords opportunity for fine displays of goods, and much taste is exhibited in their arrangement. Clark & Son stand in the front line of merchants.

Georgia boasts of three stingy men. One of them will not drink as much water as he wants unless it is from another man's well; the second requires his family to write a "small hand" to save ink, and the third stops his clock at night in order to save the wear and tear of the machinery. It is a small matter to boast of, but New Hampshire is not far behind the Empire State of the South in this direction. There lives in that State, or did a few months ago, a man who once presented a bill to the administrator of his father's estate for time lost in attending the old gentleman's funeral

The Rev. Francis W. Tustin, Ph. D., professor of the Greek language and literature in Bucknell University, died at his residence at Lewisburg last Thursday of congestion of the brain. Professor Tustin was 52 years of age. He had been connected with the University for nearly 30 years, and was universally respected as a scholar and teacher. He leaves a wife and two children, Earnest Tustin, of the Philadelphia bar, and a daughter. The funeral took place on Monday.

He was a brother of Rev. J. P. Tustin of this place.

See our Ceiling Decorations, both in plain and gilt papers, before you buy.
J H. MERCER.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Scranton has taken steps to prevent the granting of licenses in Scranton. When court convened on Monday, the ladies entered the court room in a body, causing a great deal of disturbance, because of the lack of room in the court house. 374 applications for license had been made, and remonstrances were served on nearly all of them The Temperance Union had their attorneys and contested every point. It is evident that a good many who obtained license last year will be refused.

The regular annual meeting of the stock holders of the State Normal School and Literary Institute will be held at the office of Frank P. Billmeyer, Secretary, on Monday, May 2, 1887, between the hours of 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon, where four trustees will be elected on the part of the stockholders to serve for a period of three years, and four persons will be nominated from whom the Superintendent of Public Instruction may appoint two Trustees on the part of the State to serve for a period of three years. FRANK P. BILLMEYER,
Secretary.

Eaglesmere, Sullivan county, Pa., will probably be a great summer resort this season, even greater than last, although last season the hotels were all overflowing. A new hotel has been built, the Hotel Raymond, on the side of the lake opposite the "Mere," and will be opened this summer for the first time. The Point Breeze house has been much improved and can accomodate a great many more visitors this season. The Kirk House has also undergone some improvements.

Eaglesmere is a very beautiful place and anyone wishing to spend a few weeks away from home this summer will do well to go there. The season begins June 1st.

David Lowenberg has at his clothing store the finest otter skin ever seen in this section. The animal was caught in Roaringcreek township a few weeks ago by the sons of Samuel W. Reeder. It measures fifty-two inches from its nose to the tip of its tail, and the fur is as soft as seal. The otter is a carnivorous mammal. It is an aquatic animal and feeds principally upon fish. The ears are small and far apart; the head broad and blunt, and flat on top; the body thick and long; the feet short and webbed; the tail long, round, depressed toward the tip, and flat beneath. There are several species, and they are found in all parts of the globe. The different species are distinguished with difficulty from the similarity of their colors. The American otter weighs from 20 to 25 pounds. When taken young they are easily domesticated. They bring forth a litter of two or three, between February and April, according to latitude. They are found over almost the whole of North America, and in some portions of South America. They are rare in the Atlantic states, and not abundant anywhere in settled regions, but most so in the British possessions, where several thousand skins are annually carried to England. The fur is used mostly in making caps and gloves. The skin now in Mr. Lowenberg's possession is the second one he has secured within the past few weeks, and they are both beautiful specimens.

If you want a nice, neat bed room, kitchen, parlor or sitting room, paper it with paper from Mercer's selections.

Now is the time to get your Confirmation Suit. A full stock on hand at D. Lowenberg's.

Helen M., wife of Hon. William Elwell, of Sheboygan, Wisconsin, and daughter-in-law of Judge Elwell, died at her home on Sunday morning last. Her illness was a long and painful one, but her suffering was borne with calm Christian resignation. She was a woman of a most gentle and lovable disposition, and those whose privilege it was to know her in life, can appreciate what a terrible blow has fallen on her afflicted husband and children.

Wall paper hangings and handsome ceiling decorations at Clark's book store.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Bloomsburg for week ending April 19, 1887:

Lewis Barnes, Elmer Bogart, William H. Carter, Mrs. Julia Donivan, Mrs. Lizzie Hardey, Hurd A. Jameson, Mrs. Rebecca Merrell, Miss Anna Patterson, Rev. H. Reibl, Mr. David Vanatta, Mr. J. W. Waller, Dr. Wilkins.

CARDS.

Mr. Hiram Crouse, T. T. M. DuTour, Miss Emma S. Heckman, Ella Richie.

Persons calling for these letters will please say "advertised."
GEORGE A. CLARK, P. M.

The recent changes in weather here almost equal the following told by a Nebraska man:

"Talking about the sudden changes of the weather," he says, "let me tell you of an experience we had last fall. At Milford, Seward county, where I live, we'd been having a religious revival, an' I was one of the leadin' spirits in the work, if I do say it myself. We got about twenty converts, and set a day 'long toward the last of October for a grand baptisin' in the Big Blue River. It came off accordin' to programme, but just as Elder Smith ducked the Widder Snell—she weighed about two hundred—I'm an unrepentant sinner if the weather didn't turn cold that very minute, and froze so much ice on the surface of the water that the deacon couldn't lift her out till we got an axe and chopped the ice away."

Window fixtures, spring balance or spring top, lower than ever before, at George A. Clark's.

Council Proceedings.

BLOOMSBURG, April 14, 1887.

Council met pursuant to adjournment. Present, L. S. Wintersteen, Vice-President, and F. D. Dentler, E. B Clark, Clinton Sterling, James Cadow and R. H. Ringler, members.

On motion of Sterling and Dentler the property owners west of Leonard street were notified to appear on Thursday evening, April 21, to accept the grade laid down or show cause why it should be changed.

On motion it was agreed that the Bloomsburg & Sullivan R. R. be permitted to grade Railroad street from Third to Fifth for the use of the ground, the same to be done under the supervision of the Commissioner of Highways, all streets and alleys to be brought down to a grade with said street.

Messrs. H. J. Clark, W. R. Tubbs and D. Lowenberg appeared and asked the Council to consider and take action on a petition presented last year requesting that Main street should be scraped. On motion it was ordered that the Commissioner of Highways be directed that no dirt shall be taken from the gutters and thrown into the street, in the built-up and suburban parts of the town. The yeas and nays were called and were as follows: Yeas, Cadow, Clark, Dentler, Ringler and Wintersteen; nay, Sterling.

The following bills were read:

I. W. Hartman, rent of room for Rescue H. & L. Co., to April 1, 1887	$ 30 00
J. J. Brower, rent for Friendship Fire Co., to April 1, 1887,	50 00
Sam'l Neyhard, surveying canal bridge, making profile, &c., self and assistants,	10 50
Abraham Snyder, repairing Forks pump,	2 00
Sam'l Neyhard, making annual statement and clerk tor auditors,	20 00
F. D. Dentler, Wm. E. Rinker and J. Garrison, auditing town statement,	15 00
Wm. J. Bidleman, 2 7-10 days,	4 72
Jno. Penman, 1 8-10 days,	2 23
Mathias Shafer, opening gutter	75
Geo. Trump, 5-10 days' hauling	1 00
Daniel Laycock, chief of police	4 00
Wesley Knorr, policeman,	2 00
Columbia county, rent of stable for Rescue H. & L. Co.,	20 00
M. C. Woodward, services for Mar.,	4 17
Bloomsburg Water Co., water rent,	75 00
Sam'l Neyhard, services for Mar.,	10 00

On motion of Clark and Dentler the above bills were ordered to be paid and orders were directed to be drawn.

On motion adjourned.

R. H. RINGLER,
Sec'y pro tem.

CHRONIC COUGHS AND COLDS and all diseases of the throat and lungs can be cured by the use of Scott's Emulsion, as it contains the healing virtues of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in their fullest form. "I consider Scott's Emulsion the remedy par-excellence in tuberculous and strumous affections, to say nothing of ordinary colds and throat troubles.—W. R. S. CONNELL, M. D., Manchester, O.

New Road Law.

The new road law proposed by Senator Gobin contemplates some most radical changes in the manner of maintaining our county roads. While there are some provisions that commend themselves to those who desire good roads and hope to see the day when it will be possible to drive faster than a walk without fear of "breaking a spring," yet the radical changes provided for in this bill seems to us to be more than is demanded at this time. The idea of a county engineer, under whose general supervision all the roads would be made and repaired, is not a bad one, but the people will be slow to accept a law that purposes to remove from them all control over the roads. The manner of the selection of this engineer, however, is decidedly objectionable. Instead of being selected by a convention of supervisors or road controllers, as provided in the bill, he ought to be appointed by the Court. In the one case the engineer would be a politician who could pull the wires, and who, if he was a very shrewd man, would have countless wires to pull before he had been in office many years, while in case of appointment by the judge there would be a bare possibility that he would have some qualifications required for the place. This is only one feature of many that is contemplated by a bill that would, if it became a law, introduce a wholly new road system into the State. Those who are interested in the subject ought to give it some attention.—Harrisburg *Telegraph*

Trunks! Trunks! Trunks!
Just received a large stock.
Cheaper than ever at D. Lowenberg's.

Sunday School Convention.

The third semi-annual Convention, composed of all the Sunday schools of the town, will be held in the M. E church on Thursday afternoon and evening, April 28. An interesting program has been prepared. All are invited,

Lehigh Valley Enterprise.

The new railroad, the construction of which was commenced last Fall by connecting several small branches of the Lehigh Valley railroad so as to make a direct line from Pottsville to Wilkes-Barre, was officially opened on Saturday of last week, and on Monday last opened for travel. On that day the Lehigh Valley and Pennsylvania companies each ran two passenger trains to Wilkes-Barre from Pottsville, and at the latter place connected with trains to and from Philadelphia. Freight and coal trains also commenced running on the same day. At Delano the trains take the new Boston road, which was finished not long ago, pass over another new branch to Highland, thence to upper Lehigh, next over a new branch of the Nescopec railroad, thence over the latter line to White Haven, where a connection has been made with the main line of the Lehigh Valley and Jersey Central railroads. The new route to Wilkes-Barre is twenty-five miles shorter than the old one, and the fares and freight are correspondingly cheaper.

Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, April 18, 1887.

Our skilled buyers will pick out anything you write for.

Grenadines never neater. Silk and Wool Plaid Grenadines, $2; plain, $1.50. Silk and Wool Stripe Grenadines, $2; plain, $1.50; Silk Striped camel's hair Grenadine, $2.50; plain, $1.50. Get among these breezy stuffs and your hardest thought is what to pick where all is so fit.

Some of the richest stuffs in the store are the creams. Rich to the eye, to the touch, and for little money. Look at the veiling, albatross, foulé, serge and cashmere. Were creams ever creamier? 37½ cents to $1.25. For a trifle a costume fit for any woman.

High-grade Paris Novelties still pouring in. A new thought, a new prettiness with every piece. Plush and velvet stripes, with plain to match; Pompadour effects. $3 up. Plush Plaids, $3 and $3.50, with plain at $1.75. Hundreds more.

The new Shetland Shawls. As if snowflakes could be woven and tinted. 75 cents to $4.

April showers—or snows. Gossamers good for either. Women's or men's, $1.50 to $12. Nothing make-believe in the cheapest.

Scotch twilled Zephyr Ginghams. Like worsteds. No pretence. So good that they look to be more than cotton. Gain in the make up and wear as they look. 30 inches, 40 cents.

Crinkled threads, twisted wicks, cords in clusters; the face marks of the last sensation in Scotch Gingham. In plaids, in stripes. Something to admire and buy. 29 inches, 40 cents.

Flannel that won't shrink. Light, and always as you make it up. The cotton in the warp does it. No hint of the cotton to the eye, nor to the touch of common mortals. It's there, though, hid by the Scotch makers, so as to give only its strength to the fabric. Gingham colors, 30 inches, 50 to 80 cents.

A Spring Overcoat may be very dressy without silk-facing. The $7.50 brown diagonals are not silk-faced, yet they are as well-fitting as a top-coat need be. The $8.50 light coats have the silk-facing and the fit, too. All our coats fit. It's the finish and the material, not the fit, that marks the difference between a $25 melton and the $7.50 or $8.50 diagonals.

As much thought of fit in Boys' Clothes as Men's. Not apt to be. "Anything's good enough for the boy" has been the say too long. Suits, $3.50 up. For $7.50 what we think to be the snuggest, toughest, dressiest outfit for a boy you can find in town.

Worry enough in house-cleaning time without worrying over the Carpet Sweeper. The Wanamaker Sweeper makes you smile. Does broom work and saves your back as well as your temper. $3.

Any Carriage so it's an easy goer, will satisfy the baby. The mother'll have a choice. Can't go amiss here. Plain and for little, fancy and for much: dozens between. Make it to order and trim it to your taste if you say so. Prettiness and plenty of service in the $6 wicker baby coach. Special coaches upholstered in satin and plush, ribbon-trimmed, satin parasols, $14.50, $16.50 and $18.

No trick about those light, mealy "flaked" Potatoes served at the Dairy tables. The Keystone Culinary Beaters do it. Wonderful things those beaters. Sponge cake without baking powder, white of egg solid in 15 seconds; a hundred other surprises. You've taken nearly 100 dozen beaters in a week, and not a complaint. $1.25 to $5.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Chestnut, Thirteenth and Market streets, and City-hall square.

Teachers Institute at Centralia.

A very successful Teachers' Institute was held in Centralia, Friday and Saturday, April 8th and 9th. Many eminent instructors were present, including Deputy State Superintendent Houck, Profs. Waller and Noetling of the Bloomsburg State Normal School, County Superintendent Grimes, and Profs. Michener and Estler, of Ashland. The local teachers also took an active part in the proceedings, and a very extensive programme, embracing a broad range of educational subjects was very successfully carried out. The Institute was called to order in Odd Fellows' Hall on Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Rev. Mr. Buckley, of Centralia, delivered an address of welcome, and was replied to in fitting terms by County Supt. Grimes. Prof. Michener, of Ashland then addressed the Institute, on "The Teaching of English." "An educated man is he who knows his language the best. Besides the mechanical knowledge of language one must know the use of words, but the story of a word is not the mother tongue, the point is to make every single word produce a definite idea in the mind. Educators must remember that there is a power of thinking to be generated, and that there must be given to the mind of every person a perfect instrument for seizing hold of thought. When words suggest definite thoughts to a pupil, he is becoming master of the tongue he is using." At the close of Prof. Michener's remarks, the Institute sang "Work Away," and then the pupils from Mr. Curry's room gave a class drill on the "bones and muscles."—Declamations and essays by pupils from the various schools followed, after which Mr. Heffner, of Centralia read a paper on "Hindrances to the Success of our Schools." Deputy State Supt. Houck had one of his characteristic talks with the Institute, graphically contrasting old with modern methods of instruction, humorously described "Ye Schoolmaster of Ye Olden Tyme," and closed with a strong appeal for the protection of our public school system and appreciation of the labor of the teacher. The Institute under the leadership of Prof. Houck then sang "There is a Good Time Coming," after which, at 5.30 p. m. the Institute adjourned.

In the evening Prof. Houck addressed a large audience in the Opera House, on "The Old and the New." Frequent bursts of applause testified how thoroughly the audience enjoyed the effort of the speaker. The Institute reassembled at 10 a. m. Saturday morning. After declamations, etc., by the pupils, Prof. Noetling, of Bloomsburg Normal School, spoke on "Methods of Teaching." "By oral objective method," is meant, that which adds to the purely objective method, the use of such words, as are necessary to direct the learner's mind in thinking of the objects presented. The written method substitutes language for things, other methods are known as the analytic and synthentic. One leading the mind from a study of the whole, to a view of its parts, and the latter just the opposite. The true method will be that one which will best accomplish the purposes for which the act of teaching is exercised. These purposes are to direct the pupil to the acquisition of knowledge, to the true way of thinking, and to the right development of the whole nature. The child which is blessed simply with sense at first, must have those senses well cultured. For this you are to use object, lessons, shawls, pictures, and bring things in contact with the child. The first faculty a child exhibits is simple imagination, also concomitant with that, comes memory, by the time the child is 11 to 12 it begins to develop a thinking power. The great work is to train every faculty of the child. There should be sound oral instruction, about the great deeds of the past, the great works that have been accomplished.—Prof. Waller then addressed the Institute on "School Manners." It is a common mistake to suppose that manners should only be cultivated at home. It is the work of the schools to prepare a child for life's duties. Manners enter far more largely into the failure or success of life's voyage, than we are apt to suppose. First impressions are very potent, and the person of polished manners, all other things being equal, is apt to distance his less cultured brother. A teacher should have frequent talks with his pupils, on the subject of manners Seek to have them cultivate the highest possible types. A teacher should never criticize any lack of culture in a pupil in the presence of others, that should always be a personal subject. Education, really begins the day the boy leaves school if he does not know a single one of the clogies, if you have taught him to use his knowledge for practical purposes, you have done a good work.

The afternoon session was opened by a class drill "The Blood Circulation" by pupils from Mr. Curry's school after which Mr. Kelly read an excellent paper on "How to teach History" and was followed by Prof. Waller, who delivered his celebrated lecture on "What shall we do with our boys." The learned gentleman advocated the establishment of industrial schools, as a means of perpetuating our Common Weal and Wealth. Mr. Curry then read a paper on "Aids to the success of our schools," and then County Supt. Grimes read a very able paper on "The Influence of the Teacher." A class drill on "Language" was conducted by Mr. Burke and one in "Penmanship" by Mr. Hannon. after which Hon. C. G Murphy delivered a very humorous and entertaining discourse on "School Reminiscences", addresses were also delivered by Messrs. Geo. W. Davis, Edward Reese and Profs. Wilber and Estler. The following resolutions were then adopted.

Resolved, That the heartiest thanks of this Institute are due to Profs. Grimes, Waller, Michener, Wilber, Noetling, Houck and Estler for the able manner in which they have aided in making this Institute a pronounced success.

Resolved, That we acknowledge our deep indebtedness to Profs. Harnay and Finerty, Mr. B. J. Curran and Miss Carrie Black who have enlivened and graced our exercises with the charms of the choicest music.

Resolved, That we highly appreciate the generous manner in which the citizens of Centralia have aided us in carrying out the purpose of the Institute.

JOHN P. HANNON, B. I. CURRAN,
MARY LANGDON, W. W. HEFFNER,
M. MORAN, B. LAUGHLIN,
THOMAS CURRY.
Committee.

The Institute adjourned at 6 p. m. sine die.

Thus closed one of the most interesting educational meetings ever held in this section, and it is to be sincerely hoped that the lessons of the Institute will not be lost on teachers and patrons but on the contrary, that the former may be stimulated to renewed efforts in the noble cause of education, and the people by understanding and appreciating the efforts of the schools may do their share in carrying out the purposes of their establishment.

THOMAS CURRY, Sec'y.

I recommend Dr. Kennedy's Favorit Remedy for gravel. It cured me.—S. J. McCormick, U. S. Dep. Mineral Surveyor, Bliss Station, Idaho. My head and face was a mass of putrification. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy purified my blood and I am now well.—J. A. Parker, Sunderlinville, Pa. Price $1. Send 2-cent stamp to Dr. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y., for book on kidney, liver and blood disorders. Mention this paper. [dapr15-4t.

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LOCAL NOTICES.

Furniture of every description, cheaper than ever at W. J. Corell & Co's. Call and see.

Baby carriages in every style at W. J. Corell & Co.'s, Bloomsburg, Pa.

The Spring opening of Dry Goods is every day now at I. W. Hartman & Son's.

Having just received a cylinder for finishing silks and cloths, I am prepared to clean and dye gents' clothing, ladies' cloaks, sacques, silks, dresses, shawls, &c. Feathers dyed and curled. Packages forwarded by express will receive prompt attention, according to directions. Call or address, J. O. Caswell, dyer, Bloomsburg Woolen Mills. sep24-tf.

I. W. Hartman & Son show their goods in the store—not outside. Call in.

Shipping tags, with or without strings, at the COLUMBIAN office. tf.

The finest line of Queensware and Glassware in the county at I. W. Hartman & Son's.

All the latest patterns in parlor suits at W. J. Corell & Co.'s furniture warerooms, Bloomsburg, Pa.

Four kinds of Baking Powder, with which a good present is given at I. W. Hartman & Son's.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

From Rev. John Mathews, Pastor M. E. Church, South, at Montgomery, Ala.:

"Darbys Prophylactic Fluid is the only medicine kept in my family. We can use it for almost everything—burns, bruises, cuts, stings, earache, toothache, sour stomach, etc., etc. My children, when hurt or bruised, always call at once for Darbys Fluid. We cannot get along well without it. It is so valuable for its prompt relief of pain from all kinds of injuries, and also is a powerful anti-septic and disinfectant."

Confidential advice to married men.—If you want your wives to greet you with a smile on wash-day (the most trying day of the week), send home a box of Dreydoppel's Borax Soap. [apr4t.

LOST AND FOUND.—Lost—that feeling of soreness and tightness of the lungs. Apply *Hop Plasters* to the chest and between the shoulder blades. They prevent colds and protect the system from numerous ills. 25c.

AN IMPERATIVE NECESSITY.—What pure air is to an unhealthy locality, what spring cleaning is to the neat housekeeper, so is Hood's Sarsaparilla to everybody, at this season. The body needs to be thoroughly renovated, the blood purified and vitalized, the germs of disease destroyed. Scrofula, salt rheum, and all other blood disorders are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the most popular and successful spring medicine.

NEW JERSEY WINE SENT TO EUROPE.—Mr. Speer, of New Jersey, has a reputation extending over the whole Union and in Europe as being a reliable producer of pure wines. His Port Grape Wine is ordered by families in Dresden, London and Paris for its superior medicinal virtues, and its blood making quality, owing to the iron contained in the soil in which the vines grow. For sale by druggists.

The exhausted and drowsy feelings, common to spring time, indicate an impure and sluggish condition of the blood, which may be remedied by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the most powerful, and, at the same time, most economical blood purifier known.

TO PRESERVE NATURAL FLOWERS.—Dip the flowers in melted paraffine, withdrawing them quickly. The liquid should be only just hot enough to maintain its fluidity and the flowers should be dipped one at a time, held by the stocks and moved about for an instant to get rid of air bubbles. Fresh cut flowers, free from moisture, make excellent specimens in this way. If you would preserve your health and invigorate your entire system use Perrine's Pure Barley Malt Whiskey. For sale by C. B. Robbins, Bloomsburg, Pa. [eow.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Everything which belongs to pure, healthy blood is imparted by Hood's Sarsaparilla. A trial will convince you of its merit.

DRUNKENNESS, OR LIQUOR HABIT, CAN BE CURED BY ADMINISTERING DR. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC.—It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effects results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence Golden Specific Co., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio. dec3 86 1y.

ENJOY LIFE.—What a truly beautiful world we live in! Nature gives us grandeur of mountains, glens and oceans, and thousands of means of enjoyment. We can desire no better when in perfect

A Romance in Real Life Develops in Huntingdon County.

JACOB STAHLEY, A SUPPOSED SUICIDE, APPEARS AFTER THIRTEEN YEARS TO CLAIM HIS INHERITANCE NOW ENJOYED BY HIS FORMER WIFE AND ADOPTED SON.

A case involving a most intricate legal problem and all the features of a romance was brought to the attention of the court at Huntingdon on the 12th inst. In 1872 Jacob Stahley, an old man of eccentric habits, died in Shaver's Creek, leaving property worth $30,000. A protracted settlement of his estate reduced this amount to about $25,000 and over this a long and stubborn legal controversy was waged.

Stahley left a widow and a son. The widow has been his fifth wife, and the son, who was also named Jacob was supposed to be the child of his second wife, though it was found necessary to legitimatize him by an act of Assembly. In early life the son Jacob left home, and in 1860 married. He lived with his wife fourteen years, and in 1874 suddenly disappeared, since which time no trace of him could be obtained until a short time ago, when he voluntarily put himself in communication with M. S. Leytle, an attorney of Huntingdon.

In 1868 young Stahley and his wife went to Rebecca, Neb., where he was appointed postmaster, but some irregularities resulted in his being sent to the House of Correction at Detroit, Mich. He was extravagant and improvident, and it was doubtless, his father's knowledge of these qualities that induced him to make a peculiar will. The instrument was executed in December 1870, and two years later the testator died. It provided that the real estate should be rented by his executor and the rents paid annually to his son, Jacob, at whose death the property should go to his heirs, including his wife. It also provided that the executor might sell the real estate at his discretion, and that all moneys at the death of the son, Jacob, should be equally divided among his heirs.

In 1872 young Jacob and his wife returned from the West after the death of his father. He had left numerous creditors in this State, and as his father's will did not provide that the annuity should not be liable for the son's debts the latter's creditors obtained judgments against him and attached the money in the hands of the executor, so that he never received any of it. Being childless, Stahley determined upon obtaining an heir by adoption and selected a boy 3 years old, named George Lightner, son of a very poor man in Stone Valley.

A PECULIAR DISAPPEARANCE.

Stahley continued to live with his family until February 13, 1874, when he very mysteriously disappeared, leaving a note for his wife, in which he stated that he had concluded to drown himself and that his body would be found in the Juniata River. His coat, hat and other articles of clothing were found at the place indicated, but although diligent search was continued for several weeks in the river, no trace of his body was ever found. After waiting for seven years Mrs. Stahley took out letters of administration on his estate and a distribution of the property left by old Jacob Stahley was made equally between her and the adopted son. Soon after her husband's supposed death, Mrs. Stahley remarried and located in one of the extreme Western states, where she is still living. The adopted son, who is now in his fifteenth year, resides with his natural parents in Huntingdon county. A considerable portion of his share of the division has been expended on his education.

Now comes the sequel of this singular story. In January last Stahley, whom every one believes to be dead, wrote to M. S. Leytle, under the assumed name of W. W. Williams. He was then living in Boston, but now resides in North Dighton, Mass. He made inquiry after the Stahley family, and particularly about the estate of old Jacob Stahley. Mr. Leytle, having been his attorney, at once recognized the handwriting, and during the correspondence that followed Stahley threw off his disguise and acknowledged his identity. He has never been away from Massachusetts, he says, since his sudden disappearance thirteen years ago. In his letters he expresses repentance for his erratic course, but says that under his assumed name he has lived an exemplary life and has acquired a good reputation. He now desires that his father's estate, long since divided between his wife, who has since remarried, and their adopted son, be recovered and transferred to himself, and to this end his attorney began the preliminary proceedings in the prosecution before Judge Furst. Whether the estate can be recovered is a question over which there is much difference of opinion inasmuch as the court six years ago accepted the supposition of Stahley's death by reason of his protracted absence and his expressed determination to commit suicide.

A Lion-Tamer's Nerve.

Crockett made the greatest name for himself of any lion tamer, not in England alone, but in France, Germany and America. "I remember," says Archibald Forbes, "the time when the six lions were loose at one time in Astley's. The Sangers had sent the beasts up from Edmonton on the night before. Nobody to this day knows how they got out of their dens; but it was thought at the time that some one of the grooms—with whom the manager was very unpopular, he used to fine them so mercilessly—had let them loose maliciously, that they might get at the horses. There they were, anyhow, loose in the place, smelling the horses, and mad to get at them. They had already killed a man, and had eaten him when Crockett arrived. Without halting an instant, he dashed in among them single-handed, with only a switch in his hand, and I'm blest if he didn't manage to den them all single-handed. That was nerve for you."

A "Dull Boy."

One remarkable point in the career of the late Henry Ward Beecher will be noted by the hopeful and expectant fathers of dull boys—the lateness of the period at which his intellect began to assume shape. This wonderful orator, poet, actor and pulpiteer was a dull boy. He loved to wander in the woods. He hated books, while he had a warm side for nature. At school he was considered something of a dunce, one biographer says. His desire for reading was awakened by a sensational sea story, and he came near being a sailor. But at that point the intellect vivified, and out of the chrysalis came the great man whose fame filled the world. Let not this bit of history be lost upon the parents who are anxiously watching the development of boys who care more for fishing than for books.—*New York World.*

An Arab Theatre in Cairo.

Large rose colored bills posted on the doors announced that the troupe of Abou Chalile-el-Kabbani, of Damas, was to give a series of performances of the love tragedy of "Emir Mahmoud," in the presence of the nobility and gentry of the neighborhood. The theatre was crammed, it presented a picturesque scene. The gallery was filled with the white turbans and blue smocks of the lower classes. The gentry, dressed in colored stamboulines or black caftan and fez, occupied the pit. As for the boxes, they were set apart for the nobility, who were all in irreproachable European costumes. No ladies were there save two English girls in a stage box, probably daughters of an officer belonging to the army of occupation. Loud gossip and laughter rose from all sides. The purveyors of refreshments kept up a most infernal din. The theatre was stifling with the smoke of cigarettes.

At length the curtain rose, but it was some time before the actors could get a hearing. They were attired as Bedouins, and gesticulated furiously. There were no actresses, the female roles being played by young men, as is the custom in the east. It was the same with the ballet, the girls being replaced by youths, who where got up so skillfully that at a certain distance the delusion was complete. The audience applauded not with their hands but with their feet and walking sticks. The delivery of the actors was the most monotonous and somnolent that could be imagined. The solemn, comic, or tender passages were all given in the same tone. In short, their acting resembled that of a child who has learned a fable by heart and recites it without any knowledge of what he is saying. The singing was of the same kind; it was one monotonous nasal howl or shriek, which either drove you to sleep or—out of the theatre.—*Foreign Letter.*

Cure for Frozen Feet.

For years I suffered great pain during the spring on account of frozen feet. My feet were frozen severely once, and as a result they froze easily afterward. When the first warm weather came, the itching would be almost intolerable, and the flesh so tender that I could not wear a shoe, no matter how large. I tried turpentine, spirits of camphor, coal oil, etc., and all the liniments for frozen feet that I could hear of, and yet had no relief. One day a friend gave me the following recipe: "Put enough boiling water in a pail to cover your feet; in this dissolve all the powdered alum possible; as soon as you can bear it, place your feet in the water and soak them for two hours, adding hot water and alum as the water in the pail cools keeping it as hot as it can be borne." I tried this one evening, and the next morning drew on my boots (something I had not done for weeks), though my feet were a little sore; by noon this soreness was all gone, and I had no more trouble that season. I have frozen my feet several times since, but as soon as they became painful, I tried the hot water and alum bath, and it has never failed to effect a cure.—*Cor. American Agriculturist.*

Managing for Eggs.

In relation to failures in the care of fowls, the *Dakota Farmer* says:

When the poultryman has made his preparations and begun his operations, he is often disappointed at not receiving a fair return in eggs for the attention and care bestowed. The majority of failures arise with those who have given the fowls all they can eat, and, with a liberal supply of ground oyster shells, ground bone, gravel, fresh water and green food, no eggs reward the persevering poultryman. The cause of failure is that the hens are overfed. It is always a mistake to keep food before them, and, though a variety should be given, care must be exercised not to feed a full meal except at night. If the food is so given that the hens will not be satisfied with the quantity they have received they will hunt for more, and keep busily at work. This avoids idleness and prevents them from pulling feathers or becoming too fat. In the morning the soft food may be given, but it is best not to give quite enough rather than a full allowance. Then scatter a few grains in cut straw, dirt or litter, and let them get to work scratching. At night give a full meal. By keeping the hens warm, busy and in moderate condition they will lay well.

Why Shoes Are Thrown at Weddings.

The custom of throwing one or more old shoes after the bride and groom, either when they go to church to be married or when they start on their wedding journey, is so old that the memory of man stretches not back to its begining. Some think it represents an assault, and is a lingering trace of the custom among savage nations of carrying away the bride by violence; others think that it is a relic of the ancient law of exchange or purchase, and that it formerly implied the surrender by the parents of all dominion or authority over their daughter. It has a likeness to a Jewish custom mentioned in the Bible. Thus in Deuteronomy we read that when the brother of a dead man refused to marry his widow she asserted her independence of him by "loosing his shoe." Also in Ruth, when the kinsman of Boaz gave up his claim to the inheritance of Ruth and to Ruth also he indicated his assent by plucking off his shoe and giving it to Boaz. It was also the custom of the middle ages to place the husband's shoe on the head of the nuptial couch, in token of his domination.

The Toboggan Slide.

"What is this toboggan business we read so much about in the papers?" he asked in a Grand River avenue store the other day as he and his wife stood warming their hands at the stove.

"Why, a toboggan is a high platform with an icy slide running down."

"Yes."

"You get up there with your sled, take a pretty girl on for a partner, and down you go like greased lightning."

"Girls are willing, are they?"

"Oh, yes."

"Lots of 'em around?"

"Dozens of 'em."

"Now, that's enough!" said the wife as she turned on him. "If there was twenty toboggans between here and the city hall you'd go right along and sell them butter and eggs and then jog home with me without a slide!"

"Yes, I reckon I'd have to," remarked the old man with an awful sigh, and then he changed the subject to brown sugar and baking-powder—*Detroit Free Press.*

The rack was one of the instruments of torture in the olden time. The music rack is usually used for the same purpose to day.

What Pompeii Died of.

A Rochester reporter chanced to be standing beside the delivery desk of one of the city libraries when a well-dressed lady of thirty approached the desk. The librarian was cutting the leaves of a new copy of the "Last Days of Pompeii," every now and then stopping to read a passage from the famous novel. The lady glanced around listlessly and said: "I would like to find something new in the way of nice reading. Nothing very strong you know, something light and amusing. That is a nice looking book you have there. What is it?"

"It is the 'Last Days of Pompeii.'"

"'Last Days of Pompeii,' Pompeii—Pompeii—who was Pompeii? What did he die of? I never could bear tragedy."

"I believe he died of an eruption. Yes, this is rather tragical," replied the librarian, with the faintest smile imaginable. The lady departed after securing something "light and amusing," and without the slightest idea that she had furnished any amusement.

RUSHING TO DEATH

in the attempt to swim the Niagara Whirlpool Rapids is no more reckless or dangerous than to trifle with disease which each day secures a stronger hold and hastens the end of life. This is specially true of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, and nervous headache, which though perhaps slight at first are extremely dangerous, and steadily secure a firmer grip until at last the agony is unendurable and sudden death brings relief.

These diseases can be cured by the use of Athlophoros which, in connection with Athlophoros Pills, never fails when properly used. Read the following from those who have tested it.

C. A. Steward, Nelson, Pa., says: "Athlophoros has saved my mother's life. Last spring, two of the best physicians in the county, said she could not live two months. She had been helpless for a year, had to be lifted off and on the bed, limbs all drawn out of shape, cords contracted, flesh sore to the touch, could not be lifted or touched without screaming aloud. The soreness is all gone, the cords relaxed, appetite good and gaining every day, and I think a few more bottles will cure her."

New Haven, Conn.

I had the neuralgia for three months in my face. Went to the doctor; he gave me some medicine to take internally and a preparation of chloroform to put on the outside, but it did not do any good. Could not sleep night or day. Had suffered so much and so long that I was afraid it would drive me crazy. Was told to try Athlophoros by a party it had cured of the rheumatism. After taking part of a bottle the pain all left as by magic, and now I am well, with not a sign of neuralgia about me.

MAMIE DIETRICH, 16 Hudson St.

Every druggist should keep Athlophoros and Athlophoros Pills, but where they cannot be bought of the druggist the Athlophoros Co., 112 Wall St., New York, will send either (carriage paid) on receipt of regular price, which is $1.00 per bottle for Athlophoros and 50c. for Pills.

For liver and kidney diseases, dyspepsia, indigestion, weakness, nervous debility, diseases of women, constipation, headache, impure blood, &c., Athlophoros Pills are unequaled. 9

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You Can't BEAT THEM! For General Family use they are Vastly Superior to ALL other kinds.

THE FAMOUS HOP PLASTERS

Clean, fragrant, curative and highly medicinal, prepared from Fresh Hops, Balsams, Extracts and Gums, *spread on white muslin.*

They restore and vitalize weak parts, subdue inflammation and instantly banish pain whether in the Back, Side, Hip, Leg, Kidneys, Joints, Shoulder, Chest, Breast, Stomach or Muscles. Powerfully soothing, pain allaying and strengthening. *The best plaster on earth* is the verdict of thousands. Mailed for price by proprietors,

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☞Swindlers abroad! This plaster is spread on white muslin, ready for instant use. HOP PLASTER CO., signature on every plaster.

AGENTS WANTED to canvass for one of the largest, oldest-established, best-known Nurseries in the country. Most liberal terms. Unequaled facilities. Prices low. Grades high. Established 1844. W. & T. SMITH, Geneva, N.Y. [apri5d4t]

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing no matter whether deafness is caused by colds, fever or injuries to the natural drums. Always in position, but invisible to others and comfortable to wear. Music, conversation, even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book of proofs free. Address F. HISCOX, 849 Broadway 853 N. Y. ap.15 4 wd

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Takes the lead; does not corrode like tin or iron, nor decay like shingles or tar compositions; easy to apply; strong and durable; at half the cost of tin. Is also a SUBSTITUTE for PLASTERING at Half the Cost. CARPETS and RUGS of same material, double the wear of Oil Cloths. Catalogue and samples FREE. W. H. FAY & CO., CAMDEN, N. J. apr 5td.

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WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND SODA is a matchless remedy for Consumption in every stage of the disease. For Coughs, Weak Lungs, Throat diseases, Loss of Flesh and Appetite, and all forms of general debility it is an unequaled Specific Remedy. ☞BE SURE AND GET WINCHESTER'S PREPARATION. $1 and $2 per bottle Sold by Druggists. WINCHESTER & CO., 162 William St., New York. [dapr15-4t]

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the popular favorite for dressing the hair. Restoring color when gray, and preventing Dandruff. It cleanses the scalp, stops the hair falling, and is sure to please. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

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IN ONE MINUTE, that weary, lifeless, all-gone sensation ever present with those of Inflamed Kidneys, Weak Back and Loins, Aching Hips and Sides, Uterine Pains, Weakness, and Inflammation, is relieved and speedily cured by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, a new, original, elegant and infallible antidote to pain and inflammation. At all druggists, 25c.; five for $1.00; or of Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston. apridat.

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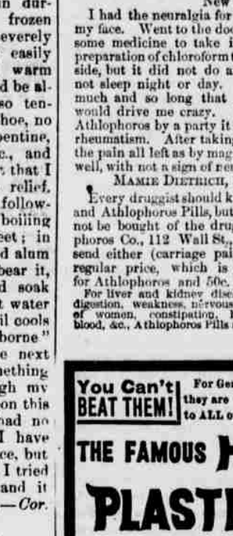

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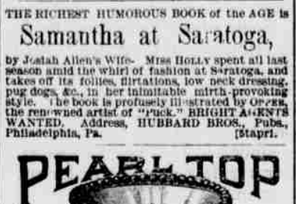

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NORTH.		STATIONS.	SOUTH.	
p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
9 00	12 30	8 30	....Scranton....	6 10	1 15	5 05
8 54	12 26	8 26	....Bellevue....	6 15	1 20	2 10
8 48	12 22	8 22	....Taylorville..	6 20	1 26	2 15
8 40	12 15	8 15	....Lackawanna..	6 27	1 34	2 22
8 33	12 08	8 10	....Pittston....	6 32	1 40	2 30
8 27	12 03	8 03	..West Pittston.	6 40	1 47	2 36
8 22	11 58	7 58	....Wyoming....	6 45	1 52	2 41
8 17	11 54	7 54	....Maltby.....	6 49	1 56	2 44
8 12	11 50	7 50	....Bennett....	6 53	2 00	2 48
8 08	11 47	7 47	....Kingston....	6 58	2 05	2 50
8 08	11 47	7 47	....Kingston....	6 58	10 05	2 50
8 03	11 42	7 42	Plymouth June	7 02	10 10	2 55
7 59	11 38	7 38	....Plymouth....	7 07	10 15	3 00
7 54	11 34	7 34	....Avondale....	7 12	10 20	3 05
7 50	11 30	7 30	....Nanticoke...	7 15	10 25	3 10
7 45	11 25	7 25	Hunlock's Creek	7 22	10 32	3 27
7 40	11 12	7 12	Shickshinny....	7 30	10 44	3 39
7 18	11 00	7 00	....Hick's Ferry	7 50	11 11	3 52
7 11	10 54	6 54	....Beach Haven	7 57	11 06	3 58
7 05	10 47	6 47	....Berwick....	8 04	11 13	4 12
6 58	10 41	6 41	....Briar Creek..	8 10	11 20	4 20
6 54	10 38	6 38	..Willow Grove..	8 14	11 25	4 16
6 50	10 34	6 34	....Lime Ridge..	8 18	11 29	4 20
6 49	10 27	6 27	....Espy.....	8 25	11 30	4 27
6 36	10 21	6 21	....Bloomsburg..	8 30	11 44	4 34
6 30	10 16	6 16	....Rupert.....	8 36	11 50	4 40
6 25	10 11	6 11	Catawi'a Bridge	8 41	11 55	4 48
6 08	9 56	5 56	....Danville....	8 58	12 13	5 04
6 00	9 49	5 49	....Chulasky....	9 06	12 21	5 12
5 55	9 45	5 45	....Cameron....	9 08	12 25	5 17
5 40	9 32	5 32	Northumberland	9 25	12 40	5 35
p.m.	a.m.	a.m.		a.m.	a.m.	p.m

W. F. HALSTEAD, Supt.

Superintendent's office, Scranton, Feb.18t,'82

Pennsylvania Railroad.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division, and Northern Central Railway.

TIME TABLE.

In effect Jan. 20, 1887. Trains leave Sunbury.

EASTWARD.

9.40 a. m., Sea Shore Express (daily except Sunday), for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 3.15 p. m.; New York, 5.30 p. m.; Baltimore, 3.10 p. m.; Washington, 3.50 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia for all Sea Shore points. Through passenger coach to Philadelphia.

1.43 p. m.—Day express daily except Sunday, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6.50 p. m.; New York, 9.35 p. m.; Baltimore 6.45 p. m.; Washington, 7.45 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia and passenger coaches through to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

7.45 p. m.—Renovo Accommodation (daily for Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4.25 a. m.; New York 7.10 a. m. Baltimore, 4.55 a. m.; Washington 6.05 a. m.; Sleeping car accommodations can be secured at Harrisburg for Philadelphia and New York. On Sundays a through sleeping car will be run; on this train from Williamsport to Philadelphia. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7 a. m.

2.50 a. m.—Erie Mail (daily except Monday, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 8.25 a. m. New York, 11.30 a. m.; Baltimore 8.15 a. m.; Washington, 9.30 a. m. Through Pullman sleeping cars are run on this train to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and through passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5.10 a. m.—Erie Mail (daily except Sunday), for Erie and all intermediate stations and Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman Palace cars and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

9.33—News Express (daily except Sunday) for Cook Haven and intermediate stations.

12.52 p. m.—Niagara Express (daily except Sunday) for Kane and intermediate stations and Canandaigua and principal intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester and Parlor car to Williamsport.

5.30 p. m. Fast Line (daily except Sunday) for Renovo and intermediate stations, and Elmira, Watkins and intermediate stations, with through passenger coaches to Renovo and Watkins.

9.30 a. m.—Sunday mail for Renovo and intermediate station.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR SUNBURY FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Sunday mail leaves Philadelphia 4.30 a. m Harrisburg 7.40 arriving at Sunbury 9.20 a. m. with through sleeping car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

News Express leaves Philadelphia 4.30 a. m. Harrisburg, 8.10 a. m. daily except Sunday arriving at Sunbury 9.53. a. m.

Niagara Express leaves Philadelphia, 7.40 a. m.; Baltimore 7.30 a. m. (daily except Sunday arriving at Sunbury, 12.52 p. m., with through Parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Fast Line leaves New York 9.00 a. m.; Philadelphia, 11.50 a. m.; Washington, 9.50 a. m.; Baltimore, 10.45 a. m., (daily except Sunday) arriving at Sunbury, 5.30 p. m., with through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Erie Mail leaves New York 8.00 p. m.; Philadelphia, 11.25 p. m.; Washington, 10.00 p. m.; Baltimore, 11.20 p. m., (daily except Saturday) arriving at Sunbury 5.10 a. m., with through Pullman Sleeping cars from Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia.

SUNBURY, HAZLETON & WILKESBARRE RAILROAD AND NORTH AND WEST BRANCH RAILWAY.

(Daily except Sunday.)

Wilkesbarre Mail leaves Sunbury 9.55 a. m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 10.46 a. m., Wilkes-barre 12.15 p. m.

Express East leaves Sunbury 5.35 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 6.26 p. m., Wilkes-barre 7.55 p. m.

Sunbury Mail leaves Wilkesbarre 10.25 a. m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 11.54 a. m., Sunbury 12.45 p. m.

Express West leaves Wilkes-barre 2.50 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 4.19 p. m., Sunbury 5.10 p. m.

SUNDAY ONLY.

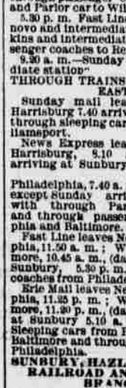
Sunday mail leaves Sunbury 9.25 a. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 10.16 a. m., Wilkes-Barre 11.45 a.m.

Sunday accommodation leaves Wilkes-Barre 5.10 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry, 6.39 p. m., Sunbury, 7.30 p. m.

CHAS. E. PUGH, Gen. Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Passenger Agent

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. de. 94-86-1y

PERRINE'S PURE BARLEY MALT WHISKEY.



DISTILLED from selected Barley Malt and guaranteed to be chemically pure and free from injurious oils and acids often contained in alcoholic liquors. It is especially adapted to persons requiring a stimulating tonic, Consumptives being greatly benefitted by its use. Recommended by leading physicians as a Diuretic, Nervine, Tonic and Antidote. For Consumptives it is invaluable. PERRINE'S PURE BARLEY MALT WHISKEY insures a return of vigor to the stomach, a good appetite, a rich and abundant blood and increased flesh and muscular tissue. A result mild and gentle in effect. Dyspepsia, Indigestion and all wasting diseases can be effectually conquered by the use of Perrine's Pure Barley Malt Whiskey. It is a tonic and diuretic and a powerful strengthener to the entire system. PERRINE'S PURE BARLEY MALT WHISKEY has proved a medicinal protection to those who pursue their avocations in the open air and whose daily work calls it exceptional powers of endurance. Ask your nearest druggist or grocer for (or out with excessive bodily or mental effort and acts as a safeguard against exposure in wet and rigorous weather. It will drive all malarious diseases from the system. Hard workers of every vocation and persons whom a sedentary life renders prone to Dyspepsia find in Perrine's Pure Barley Malt Whiskey a powerful invigorant and helper to digestion. PERRINE'S PURE BARLEY MALT WHISKEY without unduly stimulating the kidneys increases their flagging activity, counteracts the effects of fatigue, hastens convalescence and is a wholesome and prompt diuretic. Watch the label! None genuine unless bearing the signature

The analysis as it appears by the Label on every bottle: I have carefully analyzed the PURE BARLEY MALT WHISKEY made by M. & J. S. Perrine and find it entirely free from fusel oil, furfurol, metals and acids and is absolutely pure."—*Signed, Camillia Arthur Maier, Graduate of the Universities of Munich, Geneva and Weisbaden.*

For sale by all druggists and grocers throughout the United States and Canadas.

37 NORTH FRONT ST.—38 NORTH WATER ST., PHILA

FOR SALE BYDRUGGISTS AND ALL DEALERS. jan 9m

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FINE CUT CHEWING TOBACCO

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HENRY CLAY, LONDRES, NORMAL, INDIAN PRINCESS, SAMSON, SILVER ASH.

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WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

CIGARS, TOBACCO, CANDIES, FRUITS AND NUTS.

SOLE AGENTS FOR HENRY MAILLARDS FINE CANDIES.

FRESH EVERY WEEK.

Bloomsburg, Pa.

ANY ORDER FOR FESTIVALS will be SUPPLIED WITH THE LOWEST Market Prices, AS FOLLOWS:

ORANGES, LEMONS, BANANAS, PEANUTS, ENGLISH WALNUTS, CREAM NUTS, ALMONDS, POP CORN BALLS.

KASKINE

(THE NEW QUININE.)

NO BAD EFFECT.
NO HEADACHE.
NO NAUSEA.
No RINGING EARS
CURES QUICKLY.
PLEASANT, PURE.

A POWERFUL TONIC

that the most delicate stomach will bear.

A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, and all Germ Diseases.

FOR COLDS KA-KINE HAS BEEN FOUND TO BE ALMOST A SPECIFIC. Superior to quinine.

Bellevue Hospital, N. Y., "Universally successful."

Mr F. A. Miller, 630 East 157th street, New York, was cured by Kaskine of extreme malarial prostration after seven years suffering. He had run down from 175 pounds to 97, began on Kaskine in June, 1886, went to work in one month, regained his full weight in six months. Quinine did him no good whatever.

Mr. Charles Baxter, architect, 133 East 126th St., New York, was cured by Kaskine of dumb ague in three months after quinine treatment for ten years.

Mrs. J. Lawson, 141 Bergen street, Brooklyn, was cured of malaria and nervous dyspepsia of many years standing by Kaskine the quinine treatment having wholly failed.

Rev. James L. Hall, Chaplain Albany Penitentiary, writes that Kaskine has cured his wife, after twenty years suffering from malaria and nervous dyspepsia. Write him for particulars.

Letters from the above persons, giving full details, will be sent on application.

Kaskine can be taken without any special medical advice. $1.00 per bottle

Sold by MOYER B. ORE, Bloomsburg, Pa., or sent by mail on receipt of price.

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